

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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City Barricades.

It is one of the principles of arbitrary power to conceal its modes of action. The hand of steel in the velvet glove is its favorite device. If its tyranny were constantly felt—if its grip tightened upon every turn and action of life—there is no people that would not sooner or later rise against their oppressors. But the cunning of despotism tempers its worst acts, and leads it to give to its excesses a coloring of public necessity, or (so-called) deference to the popular wish. It matters little what form this tyranny may assume. To be subject to an irresponsible government, knowing no law but that of force, is bad enough, but we doubt whether it be worse than invasion of our comforts and our rights under color of law, and the authority of a popular assembly. In the one case, we have something definite to rebel against and to overthrow, but in the other a change of masters gives no relief. It is only passing from King Log to King Stork.

We venture to say that there is no other municipality in Christendom where such a violation of public rights as running a double track of

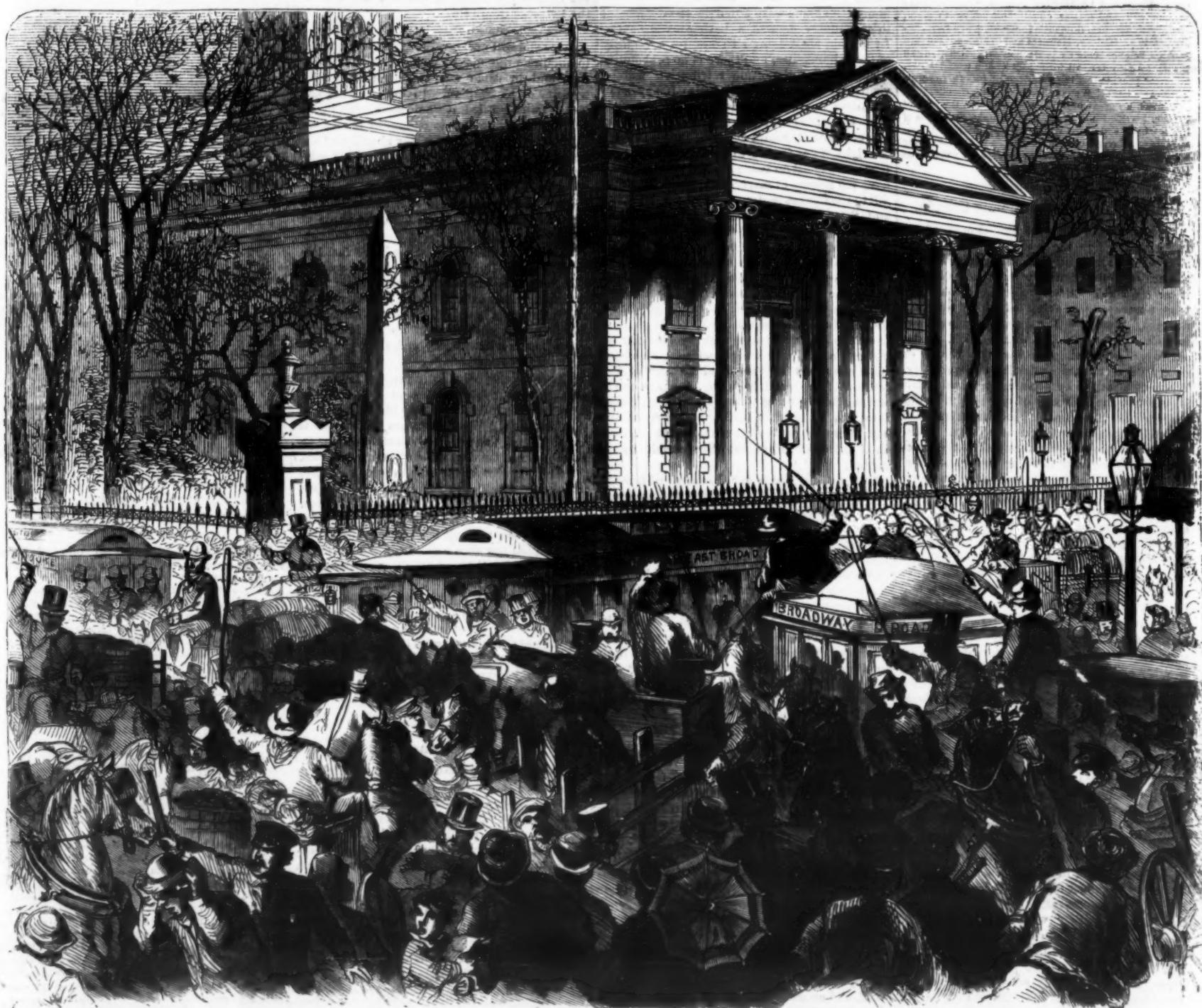
rails along and across its most crowded thoroughfare would be endured for an hour. In spite of the deep indignation of our public, a week passes before an injunction from the Supreme Court is obtained, simply restraining the running of the cars, but no measures appear to be taken to compel the restoration of the pavement to its former state.

Let us just consider what has been done: Broadway, just below the Astor House, between Vesey and Fulton streets, is the place where, above all others in the city, the greatest throng and pressure of carriages and foot passengers occur. It is precisely there that the streams from the northern and eastern parts of the city meet and struggle in their course "down town," the mass being further swollen by the pressure "across town" along Fulton street. There is hardly an hour in the day when the police is not called upon to reduce to some kind of order the confused mass of vehicles which, at this precise spot, are hopelessly wedged together. It is here that authority was not long since given to erect bridges across the street, to enable pedestrians to cross without the present imminent hazard to life and limb; and yet, incredible

as it may appear, this contracted spot, so crowded and encumbered, has been chosen by the Dry Dock and East Broadway Railway Company, under color of an Albany charter, the legality of which is very doubtful, for laying down a double line of rails, leading from Park Row, along Broadway, and running down Fulton street. Sunday, October 28th, was the time chosen for commencing this infamous work. The moral sense of the community is opposed to Sunday labor, and, if we mistake not, there are some laws which prohibit the profanation of the day. But "moral sense" is a very different quality from public spirit; it will not issue injunctions, or make itself disagreeable generally, and is, therefore, just what the projectors of this scheme can afford to laugh at. So, gangs of men worked uninterruptedly during Sunday and through the night following; the Russ pavement was torn up, the rails laid, and Monday morning saw this detestable job complete. We say complete; for, as if to show how perfectly the rights and general convenience of the public can be disregarded, the solid Russ pavement which was torn up has

not been replaced between the rails, while these are laid so as to insure as many accidents and delays to the carriages crossing them as possible.

Everybody must regret to see the good-nature of our citizens thus imposed upon, but we fear it is but another proof of the lack of a true public spirit among us. It is only by cultivating such a spirit that encroachments on our rights like this can be stopped. It is well known that the railway monopolists seek to cover all our streets with their execrable tracks. Public opinion is against a railroad in Broadway. But see how treacherously the attempt is made to overcome this repugnance! First, railroads are carried (always by Sunday labor) straight across Broadway, as at Bleecker, Grand and Walker streets. Then a short curve of a single track, for a long time unused till the public became accustomed to its appearance, was laid on Broadway from Canal to Lispenard street; and, finally, as no remonstrance was made, this double track from Park Place to Fulton street is thrust upon us in defiance of law and every principle of public safety and convenience.



THE CITY BARRICADE—SCENE ON BROADWAY, BETWEEN FULTON AND ANN STREETS, DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE DRY DOCK RAILROAD IMBROGLIO.

If we submit to this, what is to come next? A short track has been already laid between Fourteenth and Thirteenth street, and no one has the courage to tear up the rails which have no legal right to be there. Sufferance will beget a fight, and the same disregard of public sentiment which has been shown by the Dry Dock Railroad Company may any Sunday be further evinced by a few thousand workmen being turned into Broadway, and, between Saturday night and Monday morning, laying down a line of rails its entire length.

Horse railways serve an admirable purpose in our broad avenues, but we protest against the cars being brought into the densest of our down-town thoroughfares, to increase to a point beyond endurance the evils of overcrowding, of which every one complains.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York. Authors are requested to designate their manuscripts distinctly, and in communicating with us, to retain the original title.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

We have to thank our friends Kunhardt & Co., of 45 Exchange Place, the agents for the Hamburg steamers, for valuable files of the latest European papers.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE YOUNG.

A PAPER devoted exclusively to the junior members of the family, and which shall neither be too childish nor too manly, but intended to include all in its scope, has long been a want in every intelligent household. FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY is intended to supply this want, and afford amusement and instruction to the younger branches of the domestic circle. The impulsive and growing boy, and his budding sister, will find in the BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY something at once to interest and instruct, while the diversity of the contents cannot fail to attract every class of mental capacity and taste. For those who are fond of parlor sports there will be Magic Games, Conundrums and Arithmetical Puzzles, while the more serious will find matter equally attractive to them. History, Adventure, Romantic Incident, Fairy Love, Poetry, Natural History, Manners and Customs of Foreign Nations, Science Made Easy, Mechanical Instruction and Pleasant Anecdotes—all form part of the varied entertainment provided by the publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY for his young friends.

In brief, his great object has been to take the part of the family friend and tutor, who imparts the stores of his learning and experience, so judiciously and generally, as to be ever welcome to them. It has also other special attractions, to which our readers are referred to the advertisement in another column.

United States Intervention in Canada.

It may dispel some of the clouds of delusion with which the leaders of the Fenians have either ignorantly or willfully enveloped the cause of the men now on trial in Canada, if we try at the outset to state clearly the true nature of the crime of which they are accused. Among civilized nations private war is unknown, or inadmissible. War, under whatever sanction, involves the death or injury of men, and destruction of property. When undertaken by private individuals, that is, without the authority of any recognized or responsible government, the injuries they inflict become crimes against society. What in public war is not only allowable, but confers a title to glory and fame, is, in private war, whether carried on by one individual or many, murder, arson, and pillage. What is heroism in one case is felony in the other. All who engage in the latter take their lives in their hands. By the common consent of mankind they are put outside the pale of the law, and cannot claim the immunities and privileges granted to those engaged in legalized and therefore honorable warfare.

Our only excuse for uttering these truths is, that the Fenian leaders in the United States seem to have taught their ignorant followers that the fact of their having invaded Canada with some show of military order entitled them, when taken prisoners, to the privileges of soldiers engaged in regular war. Perhaps the delusion has been strengthened by the fact of quarter having been accorded to the men captured with arms in their hands, the impulses of mercy in the minds of their captors having been stronger than the desire of exercising an extreme right. Certain it is, that neither the action of our own Government in arresting all who returned from that marauding expedition, nor that of the Canadian Government, in having sent the prisoners before a civil court for trial for felony, seem to have quite dispossessed the Fenian mind of the idea that they were acting under the sanction of some law, express or implied. If anything could convince our warm-hearted, but wrong-headed, Celtic population of their error, it would be the recent action of the President, in the case of Lynch and McMahon. The plea of Mr. Seward in their behalf is for

mercy. The right of the Canadian Government to try these men for their lives is not disputed, nor the further right to carry the sentence of the law into execution. But even the Irish mind must perceive that in asking for clemency and forgiveness, every pretense of justification of the acts of the condemned men is utterly abandoned.

It seems to be conceded on all hands that the judicial proceedings in Canada are being conducted with all the deliberation and solemnity befitting such a momentous occasion. Our consul in Toronto has, by the latest accounts, in accordance with instructions from Washington, employed eminent counsel to defend the prisoners. Had this been done in the first instance, Mr. Seward might have been spared his anxiety to inquire into the "justice and regularity of the judicial proceedings." Already the prisoners' counsel has succeeded in postponing their trial till—we were about to write—after our elections—but in fact, till after the 12th of this month, and it is to be presumed that every effort that legal ingenuity can suggest will be made to obtain their acquittal. It is unfortunate, but we presume, from the nature of the case, unavoidable, that an inquiry by our Government into the judicial proceedings of another country carries with it this inconvenience, that, if no flaw can be found, a sort of tacit acquiescence in the sentence is given, and our Government can thenceforward only appear as intercessors for the commutation of a punishment they acknowledge to be deserved; if, on the other hand, they dispute the legality or regularity of the proceedings, they assume the position of dictating to an independent country the interpretation of its own laws, a proceeding to which, under no circumstances, should we ourselves submit.

No one seems for a moment to suppose that Lynch and McMahon will be hanged. The postponement of the execution of the sentence to the 13th of December, in order, as the judge said, that the right of appeal which existed might be fully availed of, forbids such a supposition. That they are innocent of any offense against the peace and dignity of Canada nobody will maintain; but if they are hanged, what more severe punishment can be reserved for some of the prisoners yet to be tried, if found guilty of having actually shed blood? Many Canadians were killed in the defense of their country against a barbarous invasion. Lynch and McMahon were not proved guilty of those homicides, and there is no probability whatever that the same retribution will be visited on them as on criminals—if any such be found among the prisoners—of a deeper dye. We scarcely suppose either, that, like their late compatriot, Smith O'Brien, they will deny the right of the Crown to commute their sentence, and insist on being hanged that they may have the honors of martyrdom. But we submit to the Fenian leaders, to Stephens, Roberts, and Sweeney, that there never was a more glorious opportunity offered than the present for earning the everlasting gratitude of their race. Let them offer to surrender themselves to the Canadian Government, and vicariously suffer the punishments reserved for the unfortunate prisoners, on the simple condition that all these shall be set free. Looking at it from the lowest point of view, we wonder so obvious a mode of cheaply winning immense popularity has not occurred to any of the leaders of the rival factions. Perhaps one is waiting for the other to leap into the gulf with him; and there is the further and very serious consideration, as to what must be done in case their united or individual offers should be accepted.

The attitude which our Government is made by Mr. Seward to assume in this matter of the Fenian prisoners in Canada is so just and benevolent, that it is scarcely fair to criticize too closely his reasons for invoking clemency and forbearance on the part of the British authorities. The analogy he adduces between the rebels in our late civil war and these Canada marauders strikes us, however, as being rather fallacious; and we do not see how, in any sense of the word, the invasion of one country in time of peace, by armed bands from another, can be viewed by the former as "eminently a political offense." Mr. Seward's answers to representations from foreign powers as to the treatment we chose to deal to our own rebels, are on record. The present position and influence of the United States may save us from having his words quoted against ourselves; nor is it quite fair in Mr. Seward to ask the Canadian Government to show leniency toward the disturbers of its peace, because this Government has "thought it just, wise and prudent"—in view, probably, of the coming elections—to treat the violation of its own neutrality laws involved in such aggressions, "with tenderness and forbearance."

If anything could increase the misfortune of the unhappy men who now lie in jail awaiting their trials, it would be the injudicious conduct of their friends in the United States. It is perfectly certain that they will have a fair trial, and no matter which way the election goes in this State, our Government will use every

possible intercession to prevent any capital punishment being inflicted. But as the only possible object of such punishment would be to deter others from making such raids in future, nothing would more certainly make the British authorities shut, inexorably, the doors of mercy, than threats, and still more, attempts to avenge the ill success of the first expedition by setting on foot a second. We have not an ardent admiration of the Canadians; but we are sure they are not a blood-thirsty race, any more than we are ourselves. We should wish them to do exactly as we should under similar circumstances, were such possible: strike hard and heavily against all invaders of our soil, especially such gangs as come to disturb our peace under pretext of redressing quarrels three thousand miles away, with which we have nothing to do, and are not responsible for, either in the past or the future; and after having once shown a plenitude of mercy toward the vanquished, let it be understood that on a second irruption we shall show none.

Imperial Ingratitude.

THE rumors for some time floating through the European press of the mental aberration of the Princess Charlotte, wife of the so-called Emperor of Mexico, have been confirmed. She is in Miramar, the victim of great despondency and suspicion, and her medical attendants fear total and permanent insanity. The Princess seems to have been of a very ardent temperament, and very ambitious. She entered into the Franco-Austrian adventure in Mexico with her whole heart, and contributed by every means in her power to make it successful. She made herself popular with all the Mexicans with whom she was thrown in contact, and gained the respect of the bitterest enemies of the bad cause of which her husband is the visible exponent. She visited the large cities and remoter provinces of Mexico, and by her liberality, condescension and good-nature, sought to attach them to the fortunes of her husband. Nothing that a woman could do to build up the empire was omitted by her; and when the unsubstantial fabric shall crumble away, the dark page of its history will be relieved only by the paragraph which records the virtues, the devotion, and the heroism of the Princess Charlotte.

It is well known that her visit to Europe, whence she will never return, was undertaken to obtain a prolongation of the French occupation, and in some way replenish the empty treasury of Maximilian. In both objects she utterly failed—failed, it would seem, even in obtaining that sympathy to which, as a woman, she was entitled. But she never abandoned her purpose or surrendered the object of her mission. Finding the money vaults of Europe tightly closed against her, she sought to sacrifice her own private fortune, amounting to some five millions of dollars, to the needs of her husband.

The administrators of the will of the late Belgian king, her father, however refused her assent. This refusal seems to have been regarded by her as cruel, and the heaviness of her misfortunes, and isolating herself from her relations, she shut herself up in Miramar, where her mind gave way under the pressure of her disappointments.

The spectacle of this unhappy lady, the wreck of so much worth and true nobility, must not be a pleasing one to the occupant of the Tuilleries. The Princess Charlotte is unhappily only one of the victims to his nefarious plot against Republicanism in America, but she is perhaps the most obvious sufferer from his bad faith and ingratitude. To serve his own sinister purposes he drew her from her true and native sphere, within which there was ample scope for all her excellent qualities, and tempted her with a shadowy crown, exciting ambitions and hopes which, when it served his purpose, he coldly and cruelly crushed.

To the humiliations incident to the failure of his Mexican scheme, the French Emperor must add the consciousness of having betrayed the instruments of his policy. Loving the credit for foresight and judgment, which he never deserved, he gains the detestation which attaches to perjury, and which he has conspicuously earned.

Impeachment.

THE air is full of strange rumors. Lately an unscrupulous reporter for the daily press started a report that the President was taking advice on a latent project for suppressing Congress. The public doubted but feared, the funds fell, and a general uneasiness ensued, which required an express denial from the President to be quieted. On the other hand, there are hints of impeachment of the President, and though, as in the previous case, the public doubts, it is by no means certain that impeachment may not be attempted. Such being the case, let us see what impeachment is, and how conducted:

"Our proceedings, rules and practice in cases of impeachment are borrowed from the common law of England, excepting so far as they are affected by the

Constitution or statutes of the United States, or of the several States. The Constitution of the United States declares (art. I. sec. 2) that the House of Representatives shall have the sole power of impeachment, and (art. I. sec. 3) that the Senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. By art. II, sec. 4, the persons made liable to impeachment are the President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States. The offenses for which a guilty person may be impeached are (art. II, sec. 4) 'treason, bribery and other high crimes and misdemeanors.' Art. III, sec. 3, declares that 'treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.' This would seem to be a precise definition of treason; but the House and Senate would still be free to determine what is meant by 'bribery,' and what offenses come within the words 'other high crimes and misdemeanors.' They would probably be guided, but not governed, by the rules of the common law and the practice of the British Parliament. The method of procedure, both in the United States and in a State, is substantially as follows: A resolution is offered by some member of the House, charging the party to be impeached with his supposed offense, and either demanding at once his impeachment, or, what is more common, providing for a committee of inquiry. If the resolution is passed by the House, and if a committee of inquiry be ordered who report adversely to the accused and in favor of an impeachment, and their report is adopted, a committee (the same or another) is instructed to impeach the accused before the Senate, and demand that that body make due provision for the trial, and to inform the Senate that articles of impeachment will be prepared by the House and exhibited before the Senate. The same or another committee is intrusted to prepare articles of impeachment, which, being reported to the House and approved by them, are transmitted to the Senate by a committee who are appointed to conduct the trial on the part of the House, and who are usually styled the managers of the impeachment. Due process summoning the accused then issues from the Senate, and is served by the sergeant-at-arms, and on the day therein appointed the Senate resolves itself into a court of impeachment, all the Senators being sworn to do justice according to the Constitution and the laws. The person thus impeached is then called upon to appear and answer. If he makes default, the Senate proceeds *ex parte*. If he appears and denies the charges and puts himself on trial (and he may appear by attorney), an issue is formed, and a time is appointed for the trial, which thereafter proceeds according to law and usage, and much in the same way as in common judicial trials. If any questions arise among the Senators—who now act as judges—they are considered with closed doors, and are decided by yeas and nays, and only the decision is made public. Art. I, sec. 2, of the Constitution of the United States provides that no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members."

FRANK LESLIE, of New York, who first made illustrated journals pay, and whose publications are popular not only all over the Union, but in foreign countries, as telling and showing the current history of this nation, has been appointed one of the United States Commissioners to the Great Exhibition which will be opened, at Paris, next May. From his practical knowledge of engraving, printing and publishing, Mr. Leslie is well qualified to assist in the consideration of every point connected with book and newspaper publication.—*Philadelphia Press*.

DATA resulting from censuses conducted by several of the States show that, notwithstanding the ravages and losses of the war, the population of the country has been increasing at the rate of a million a year, or nearly four per cent. The census of 1860 gave us 31,440,000 population; that of 1870 will not fall short of 40,000,000. The facts more than justify the late prediction of the Emperor Napoleon that "the United States may, within the next hundred years, number 100,000,000 of population."

Appropos of this cheering evidence of growth and strength, we put on record the important fact, that the report of the revenues and expenditures of the Government, for the first quarter of the current year ending September 30th, shows a reduction of \$82,000,000 in the public debt. This is at the rate of \$328,000,000 per annum, which would liquidate the whole national debt in eight or ten years. Unfortunately, our gold interest bonds carry six per cent. interest; but after 1870, four-fifths of the funded debt, or as much thereof as may not then be extinguished, will be within the control of the Treasury, to be paid off in gold (or the interest reduced by consent of the holder) by the negotiation of new loans at a cheaper rate. This will facilitate the process of liquidation, by the amount of difference in interest. The same patience, fortitude, and self-sacrifice so wonderfully exhibited throughout the war, will rid us of our gigantic debt, the burden of which is so rapidly growing less.

TOWN GOSSIP.

A Press that we Cannot Stand Much Longer.

THE lamented Lincoln, in one of those weirdly-wise speeches of his, in the last days preceding the war, gave as a reason why the United States troops must pass through Baltimore, on their way to defend Washington, that "they must go through the city, because there was no way of their going over it or under it." For the time, and in that instance, undoubtedly the droll President was right; but we should be sorry to believe that other modes of going through the American cities would not some time be put in operation than those found on the surface level. We must be able to go "over" or "under" our cities, at no distant day, in spite of that dictum; over them, as certain engineers have long ago suggested that we may go if we will, upon elevated railways; or under them, as the good people of London have been going for the last two years. All the larger American cities begin to feel the unendurable pressure of local travel; but New York, first in nearly everything, creditable or the reverse, has the distinction of being the first to declare, as well as to feel, that something must be done for the common relief, or her citizens must be smothered, like the princes in the Tower.

Years ago it became evident that the omnibuses could no longer pretend to accommodate the local travel of New York, and that some mode of conveyance was indispensably necessary, by which more people could be afforded transit without any considerable increase in the number of vehicles in use. The street-car was the resource, and for the time seemed quite sufficient. But times have changed; population and the tendency to up-town living have changed with them, and quite as notable a change has occurred in the street-cars themselves. They used to be reasonably clean; not crowded beyond endurance, even when crowded by extraordinary occasions; and displaying all possible spirit of accommodation in their construction and mode

of running. Now, those that are not filthy are the exceptions, or belonging to lines so newly started that the cars have not had time to accumulate foulness; now, the crowded car is the rule upon every line, so that the possibility of sitting, or even standing at ease, is regarded as a lucky accident; now, if there is any arrangement by which the majority of clients can be newly accommodated, there seems a disposition on the part of the companies to adopt it at once; and now, if there is any pretext by which the body of patrons can be unblushingly swindled to add to the overflowing revenues of any company, that pretext is readily seized. Scarcely a railroad in New York but supplies illustrations of both the two first propositions; not one but can also illustrate the second; a recent change on one of the principal lines (the Third Avenue), by which every through passenger is made to shift cars at the depot, and crowd, trouble and ill-temper inducing "confusion worse confounded," will do very well as a specimen of the third; and with the exception of a single line (the Grand street and Jersey City Ferry) which a few days ago had the decency to withdraw from the combination against law, and hoist the reasonable placard, "Fare only five cents!" all the New York lines have stuck to swindling every passenger out of seven-eighths of a cent for passage, with an energy worthy of a very much better cause.

Street-car transit on any of the leading New York lines is becoming, candidly and soberly, unendurable—leaving out any thought of the unaccommodating and swindling propensities of the companies. To adopt a suggestive phrase more forcible than polite, "We can't stand the press!" Not one man or family in fifty possesses a private carriage, while forty-nine out of the fifty need to go down town every day and back again. With no cab system, the omnibuses half-driven off, the remainder following only a few narrow lines, and the hack system even a greater swindle than the car, our accommodations (or disaccommodations) for transit are really pitiable. We, and our families and friends, are wedged into the dirty cars like bullets of wood, packed like herrings in a box, jolted about like calves for the slaughter-house in the "bad old days," before Mr. Bergh and his associates got up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, alarmed, hanged, abused, and generally discommoded, until the only possibility of toleration is found in the fact that we have "Hobson's choice," this or nothing—that we can ride in that miserable way, or walk through mud, rain, or blazing heat, however tired and desirous of conveyance.

Something must be done, and done at once. The population of New York must be thinned by a prudential St. Bartholomew, or up town must be deserted, or there must be something done to ameliorate street and avenue transit. We are not going to suggest how that something is to be done—there are plenty of suggestions from all quarters; what we need is action. Over the city, by elevated railway or by balloon; under the city, by tunnel, or even through the sewers (which would not be much more noisome than some of the present lines); around the city, by boats or bordering roads—anything under heaven to relieve us from the present miserable necessities. Foreign nations would not look pleasantly upon the intelligence that the good people of New York had revolted, strung up all the conveyance-managers to the lamp-posts, and taken street travel into their own hands; or that they had individually and collectively committed *hara-kiri*, in sheer despair of ever being able to get anywhere without the abject suffering of all the senses. And yet something like this, or worse, is coming, if relief does not come first and forestall the necessity. To end where we began—we "can't stand the press," which is not only that "press" signifying a pressure of body, but that other press embodied in and forming part of the unpleasant word—*oppression*.

Off for Paris Already.

That there would be a sort of general exodus of the wealthy pleasure-seekers for Paris in the spring, to attend the great French Exposition, was a fact to which we have before adverted, and which every one knew who thought upon the subject at all. But none of us had any idea how early the exodus was to commence. It has already commenced, very generally and vigorously. The steamships leaving New York for the English and French ports, ordinarily, at this time of the year, going out with very scant passenger-lists, are beginning to have almost as full fares as those of the early summer; and the new year will see many hundreds of our "first citizens," their wives and daughters, relieved from the terrors of the European war, which kept them at home last spring, wintering at Paris or in Italy, and preparing what one of the droll conversationists of the last half-century used to call a "good ready" for the great event of May. Perhaps this is quite as well, for American reputation abroad; as the already-traveled may be able, before the opening of the Exposition, to do up some little odds and ends of touring that would otherwise distract their attention in the midst of the Parisian festivities; while of the untraveled, some at least will be able in the intervening time to render themselves less helpless in regard to the *lingua franca*, and somewhat less verdant as to things in the outer world generally. Another good result, too, may be secured before the positive winter storms frighten any more from crossing; enough of those who intend to go may have made their way over, to leave comfortable steamship accommodations for the remainder, and prevent the necessity, about April or May, of putting on so many extra vessels to accommodate the rush, utterly unfit for such service, and likely to inaugurate the Exposition with a few sea-catastrophes. Decidedly, as all things at present promise, American industry, especially in the line of useful and labor-saving manufactures and inventions, will be well represented in the gathering of people and peculiarities from all nations; and quite as decidedly, taking the very early start thus exhibited as an index, we shall not be behind in showing that foreigners may quite as much care to see on the occasion—a creditable representation of those "fair women and brave men" whom America manufactures quite as notably as sewing-machines and combination-mowers.

It is a pleasant thing, by the way, to know that during the great Paris gathering, the United States will be represented, officially and in the highest representative station—that of Minister Plenipotentiary at the French Court—by an officer of such military reputation, a man of such acknowledged probity and high character, and a gentleman of such familiarity with all the nobler amenities of society, as General John A. Dix, who unconsciously conferred a favor on the whole nation by failing to take part in the gubernatorial struggle of a single State, and thus kept himself in line to serve it in that wider and more difficult sphere. That American interests at the Exposition will be well looked after by the extensive and liberally-appointed commission who enter upon their duties abroad in spring there is no doubt whatever; and it is certainly beyond peradventure that the broader and more peculiarly national interests will suffer no neglect in the hands of the patriot, soldier, statesman and accomplished gentleman who follows Messrs. Dayton and Bigelow at the Legation of the *Champs Elysees*. The family of the Minister and his Secretary of Legation, it will be noted, are among those who are "off for Paris already;" and the Minister himself will follow at the very earliest moment possible—perhaps by the beginning of December.

"Old St. Paul's."

When the Londoners use these words, they seem to mean something, for three hundred years have rolled

over even the newest part of the great fane that Sir Christopher Wren built, and that space of time begins to be antiquity, however Westminster and the Tower dwarf the idea with their seven or eight hundred years. But we have an "Old St. Paul's," very old to us, and yet, as the last week of October reminded us, only one hundred years old. Perhaps, however, a hundred years of the life of America may count for three or four hundred of the life of any other nation; and when it is remembered that since our St. Paul's was built and dedicated, the war of the Revolution took place, and we had birth among the family of nations, then there is some antiquity in it after all. Washington went there to service, too, immediately after taking his seat as first President of the Republic he had founded; and his family pew, unaltered in any respect, has long made one of the charms of the old edifice.

There was an interesting season to all who love old New York on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the 28th, 29th and 30th October, in the centenary meetings and services held there; and there was something splendidly and yet touchingly appropriate in the reading over, on Wednesday, of the dedication sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Anthon, "chaplain," as he then wrote himself, "to the Right Honorable William, Lord of Stirling," on the 30th of October, 1766, just one hundred years before. "George the Third was king," then, as Howard Paul might have said and sung—king, not only of England, but of what now composes all this mighty land; and it was no easy matter to listen to the repetition of that old deed without feeling the past press down almost painfully upon the heart. Old St. Paul's is old, to us, even if new! God bless the fane that has seen an hundred years in the midst of such restless generations! and may the aspirations that and there breathed have their fruition of heaven—that no vandal hand may be allowed to touch the old church under any excuse of commercial or other need, until not one century more, but century upon century, shall have mused its stones and filled it yet fuller to overflowing with sacred memories!

Amusements in the City.

The events of the week closing with the 7th of November, and those foreshadowed, are as follows: The opening of the new Steinway Hall took place on Wednesday evening, the 5th, with the usual in an undisturbed condition, but yet far enough advanced to show that, when completed, it will be a great convenience to the whole musical world, in size, acoustic properties and general arrangement. The event of the opening was the appearance of the new Bateman concert-troupe, Signors Brignoli, Ferranti, Tortuna, Herr Carl Rosa, Madame Parspa, Mr. S. B. Mills, Mr. Hatton, etc. A full and fashionable audience attended, and most of the troupe were very warmly received. Other concerts have been given on Thursday and Friday evenings and at Saturday matinees, and the series will go on for a considerable period. * * * At the Olympic Boulevarde, "Long Strike" was produced on Tuesday evening, the 5th, and proved to be a very effective drama in the main portions, with a most treacherous *finale*, but consisting of the elements of popularity, and the leading parts very well rendered by Mr. Wheatleigh as Noah Leroyd; Mr. Stoddard, as Money-penny (a most extraordinary little bit and the gem of the performance); Mr. Vandenhoff, as Jim Starkie; Mr. McKee Rankin, as Johnny Reilly; Miss Kate Newton, as Jane Leroyd, etc. Of course the "Long Strike" is on for the long run of the Boulevarde pieces, whether good, bad or indifferent. * * * At Wallick's the alternation of new pieces, "Fast Family," "Favorite of Fortune," and "£100,000," was broken up on Monday, the 5th, of November by a single evening of the "Rivals," with the old cast—more comedies to follow and blend in the extending alternation. * * * At the New York Theatre the new feature has been the production of Mr. Henry J. Byron's "War to the Knife"—reasonably well given and fairly effective, and of a capital burlesque on the "Winter's Tale"—"Perdita." On Monday, November 5th, a dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt," from the facile pen of Mr. Augustin Daly, author of "Leah," was successfully produced at this theatre, but critical notice of the work is necessarily deferred till next number. * * * At the Broadway Miss Maggie Mitchell closed her successful engagement with "Little Barfoot," on Saturday evening, the 3d, and Mr. Charles Dillon opened on Monday evening, the 5th, with "King Lear," about which some remarks made at length will be made next week, giving the "how and why" of its deserved success. * * * At the Winter Garden Mrs. D. P. Bowers changed her performance on Monday evening, the 5th, to another specialty called "Diana; or, Love's Masquerade," about which, too, something more may be said in our next. * * * At Niblo's the "Black Crook," apparently without end, as without beginning. * * * At Barnum's the "Sea of Ice" continuing, and continuing successful.

FINE ARTS.

Judging from preparations already made at the several public galleries, the approaching winter is likely to be a lively one for connoisseurs in art. Goupil's is now open with a varied and interesting collection of pictures from the cards of well-known European artists, chiefly of the French school. A large Scriptural subject, by H. Merle, with fine, hazy atmosphere effects, is a good example of the severer style of that master, though we must confess to a more satisfactory remembrance of him in some of his smaller pieces, such as the charming interior, with figures, in Mr. Aspinwall's gallery. A new example of Gérôme is also to be seen at Goupil's, "An Assyrian Shepherd." The scene is a sandy waste, across which a figure in wild attire is riding, mounted upon a noble horse, and followed by a closely-packed herd of goats and camels; the whole being seen through a lurid effect of flying sand. This picture is of a cold, purple tone, and is not in Gérôme's best vein. "The Last Walk," by Tissot, is a pre-Raphaelite picture, quaint in conception, and, although imbued with the affections of the school, an able rendering of a quaint and singular conception. It is, apparently, a passage from the end story of Faust and Marguerite, both of whom figure at the head of a sort of family procession of odd characters wending along the road. There is a fine color in this picture, but a decided lack of the *ars et coloris* in the precise rendering of the stone walls that border the road. Remembering Tissot's "Duel," exhibited in the Gambart collection last winter, we cannot think that this larger picture of the artist's is a step in advance. There is here a clever little picture, by Paul Boyer, of an old man sitting by a fire, stirring a pot, while a couple of pet rabbits are nibbling at the shreds that fall from the lap of a little girl, engaged in scraping carrots. Juliana Peyrol Bonheur—a sister of the Chevalier Rosa—has here a small, clever picture of a ewe and a couple of lambs, lying out on a moory pasture. It is worth half a dozen of the best wool pictures ever painted by Verboekhoven. H. F. Gude's pictures are five in number in this collection. The most characteristic among them, perhaps, is one of fishermen in boats, drawing their nets, a composition rendered with a certain wild, poetical sentiment in which this artist loves to indulge. There is a crisp, gray picture here by Isabey, a sea-piece, with a wrecked ship, painted with great power of detail. Numerous other pictures by Seignac, Chavet, Ossen, Compe-Calix, and other artists of note, are also to be seen in the Goupil collection.

On the other side of Broadway, where the throng of fashion are thickest, Schaus has set out a new and attractive display of art-treasures. The Dusseldorf school is here represented by H. Salentin and S. Jacobsen. The former has a strong picture of a young woman, with an infant in her arms, standing by a stone font; and another picture of her represents a woman holding twin babies, the expression of infantile helplessness on the faces of the little ones being funny as well as truthful. The landscapes of Jacobsen are both snow pieces, not destitute of the dreary sentiment of the season, but marred by a blackness in the shadows fatal to the transparent effect of snow. The "Joyful Trooper" of Meisencorler has all the exquisite finish and wealth of detail peculiar to that master of miniature painting in oil. No photo-

graph could render the thing more minutely, but that is the very fault of it. Want of space forbids us from even cataloguing the works of art now on view at Schaus's, but we will say they are of choice selection and worthy of many visits.

The artists are now beginning to return from their summer haunts, but slowly, and by ones and twos; for October has been a golden month for them, and the splendid days in which it is going out are tempting to protracted loiterings among the *posseys*. S. R. Gifford has returned to his studio from the mountains, with many sketches and studies for future elaboration. Bierstadt has built himself a mansion and studio at Irvington, on a scale commensurate with his Rocky Mountain pictures, but he still retains his studio in the Tenth street building. Next week we shall have many arrivals and new arrangements to record.

An institution which bids fair to be a success is about to be opened in this city by that popular artist, M. Louis Lang, who is now making arrangements for it at his new studio in the building on the N.W. corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. It is to be a school for the instruction of young ladies in the arts of drawing and painting, the principles of which are to be conveyed in a practical and impressive manner. Mr. Lang, who is musician as well as painter, proposes to open, in connection with the above, a class for the acquirement of musical composition and thorough-bass.

Among the passengers by the new Havre packet St. Laurent, to this port, we mark the name of Constant Mayer, the artist, who has returned to this city after a brief visit to his relatives in Paris. M. Mayer had upon his canvas, when he left New York, a fine picture, called "The Convalescent," to put the finishing touches to which will probably be his first care. His commissions from the City Government for a series of portraits will give him full occupation for a considerable time to come.

WORDS FROM A SORE HEART.

THE following letter from one of the bereaved by the Evening Star calamity explains itself and the feeling under which it was written. It is scarcely necessary to say, in connection, that our use of the word "distinguished," in referring to the loss of the steamship, was simply employing that word to signify well-known to the public. No feeling heart fails to recognize how "distinguished" every lost one may have been to those left behind; and when the writer of the letter understands that the person who penned the paragraph complained of had three dear and lamented friends on board the ill-fated steamship, whom he, nevertheless, was obliged to rank with the undistinguished, the inoffensive sense of the word, as used, will be even better appreciated by her:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., October 24th, 1866.

Publisher of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

Sir—I have been taking your Illustrated Paper for a long time. In looking over the last, where this day and calamity of the Evening Star is spoken of, I did so with a grief-stricken heart—for that calamity has made me a widow. In your remarks thereon, you casually mention, "Excepting General Palfrey, there appears to have been no distinguished persons on board." Ah! how little on-lookers know or care but for this world's rank! Sir, ask every one of the broken-hearted mourners who are now crushed by this life-long agony, what "distinguished" means, and they will tell you. It was the tender father, the loving husband, the kind brother, etc. But he had no place there. When these souls were passing through the dark waters of death to the bar of the great God that made them all, He had no respect of persons, but knowing the hearts He tried, His mercy was for all. The poor man's soul is as precious in His sight as the rich. General Palfrey was, I have no doubt, a very fine man, but at such a time to make comparisons is not well. Survivors feel the pain, just as if it was said, "It is not much matter for the others." Oh, sir, I could tell you of one of these suffering ones, whose life has been, since he grew up to manhood, nearly one train of disappointments. Poverty, disease, pain, care, toll—in all he was the tender husband, the kind friend, the ready reliever of the poor and afflicted, the cheerful, generous giver out of the few means at his command. I could tell you of his gratitude to God when he was restored, after long sickness, to health, and after many a struggle, working his way to an honorable independence. I could tell you of many a good deed done to the old and feeble, and those who had no one to care for them. "I must do all the good I can," was his constant saying; but it is now over. True, as this world goes, he had no rank; he was, I may say, one of "nature's noblemen," and had it pleased God to have entrusted him with wealth, he would have caused the hearts of the poor and friendless to rejoice; if man did not perhaps God looked on him as "distinguished," by walking in His ways and honoring His precepts, we are told "the memory of the just is blessed," and many here mourn for him, and his broken-hearted wife in her solitary and darkened home sits hoping and waiting in vain for the step of him who comes not. That is one of the passengers of the ill-fated ship. And others could, I have no doubt, tell many a similar tale of their loved ones. Oh, sir, you see it is not man that can judge, and it is better at such a solemn time, and of such an awful ordeal as they had to pass through to death, to speak kindly and feelingly for the sake of both sufferers and survivors.

Yours with sorrow,

J. Towana.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

For the fifty-four captivities to be filled in the United States Regular Army, there are said to have been no less than ten thousand two hundred applications on file in the War Department.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Hooper sacrifices the income on \$100,000, in order to become Mrs. Senator Charles Sumner. What is money, however, when both love and celebrity are to be conciliated?

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech, except retaining the power to whisper, has had forty offers of marriage—of course from people who expected to gabble all the while themselves, and were therefore intolerant of any one else saying a word aloud. Very sensibly, the girl has refused them all, waiting for some deaf and dumb applicant to offer himself.

The United States have two hundred times the amount of coal that Great Britain has—that country not long ago considered the coal-field of the world!

Minnesota raises sixteen million bushels of wheat this year.

The highest salary paid to any man in New England is said to be received by the agent of a woolen mill in Massachusetts—fifty thousand dollars. The lowest is believed to be that of a Methodist preacher, who stated at a late convention in Boston that his salary for preaching last year was a new hat and a bushel of apples.

At the recent sale of the pews in the new and magnificent Hebrew Temple in Cincinnati, the price of \$1,000 was put on first-class seats and \$500 on the second. Upon these enormous sums premiums were bid, ranging as high as \$3,500. A sum amounting to nearly \$600,000 was realized from the sale. This is probably the most liberal renting ever made in the history of edifices for Divine worship in this or any other country.

The "freedmen" are looking up, whether thanks to the President, or in spite of him. One negro has just been admitted to the Philadelphia bar, and a second has been put in nomination for the Massachusetts Legislature in Boston.

A prisoner in the Buffalo jail let himself down into the vault of the prison and, as appeared from subsequent examination, entered the sewer, which is only sixteen inches square, hoping to escape. It is supposed he perished in the fearful attempt.

A man in Pittsburg, the other day, fancying himself attacked with symptoms of cholera, swallowed an entire bottle of Perry Davis's Pain-Killer, and followed it with a dose of laudanum. Both the cholera and the man were "killed."

Judge Shaffer and C. W. Howard, of California, own a dairy farm which occupies twenty-five miles of the sea coast, running from the city of San Francisco, and embracing altogether seventy-one thousand acres.

There is a mystery connected with the ways and habits of the grasshoppers that swarm on our Western prairies. A Colorado paper says: "When the wind blows from the south-west they fly with it. When from any other direction they alight and cover the ground in places to the depth of an inch."

A correspondent, writing from San Francisco, furnishes an incident, so horrible in its details that the pen of Hawthorne might weave it into romance: Complaint was made to the health officer that the occupant of a handsome residence in one of our fashionable quarters was creating a nuisance by keeping the corpse of his wife in the building, to the great discomfort and ill-health of the neighborhood. It appears that the wife of the person complained of died about a year ago, when the husband purchased a metallic coffin, and placed the corpse in one of the rooms of his residence. It was alleged more particularly that the day previous to the complaint he had taken the body from its coffin and washed it with the garden hose, afterward placing it in the coffin, and where, at the time of the complaint, it still remained. Since as was this evidence of undying and unalterable affection, the spectacle of that stricken and inconsolable widower playing the garden hose upon the decomposed remains of his former partner seems to have been too much for the neighbors. The health officer thought so, and the nuisance was abated.

A dispatch from Augusta, Ga., says, it is thought an effort will be made on the meeting of the Legislature in November to relieve the people from the payment of certain debts contracted prior to and during the late war. The plea urged for repudiation, is the loss of the slaves and the failure of the crops. The amount of property returned in the State for 1865 is \$207,000,000; in 1866, \$620,222,777; loss to the State over \$425,000,000.

The Norfolk (Virginia) *Old Dominion*, has the following: "Southern ladies do not talk to anything like the same extent as in former years. What does it mean? Are we wrong in classing this phenomenon among the signs of the times? We believe it is the result of a dyspeptic solemnity that has, in the last few years of trial and mighty events, crept over the world. Levity is not as wide-spread. Men and women look now more in earnest, and work harder, do more toward carrying out the end of their being. We may be wrong, but such are our convictions, in spite of the wickedness abroad in the land."

Foreign.

The advertisement of a schoolmaster in a Viennese paper informs the public that at his establishment the pupils are taught "all the languages spoken in the Austrian empire, viz.: Bohemian, Polish, Russian, Magyar, Croat, Servian, Slave, Roumanian, Italian and German"—in all ten. Think of a country having ten established local languages, and then wonder that Austria, in the late struggle, has not been found "homogeneous."

Mr. Samuel Jessup, aged sixty-five, and rich, died lately in Lincolnshire, England. He was a bachelor, had no relatives, and enjoyed general good health, notwithstanding that during the last twenty-one years of his life he was noted for an inordinate craving for medicines. From 1794 to 1816, it was proven in a trial before a court that he took 529,834 pills, being at an average of twenty-nine per diem. But he began with a moderate appetite, which increased to that extent that from 1802 to 1816, inclusive, he took seventy-eight pills a day; and in 1840 he took 50,590 during the year. It was shown that, besides, he had taken 40,000 bottles of different mixtures. All this was supplied to him by one apothecary, whose bill, when presented in court, took up fifty-five closely written columns.

An odd discovery was made in the village of Bonsall, near Bath, England, not long ago. The boarded floor of a room on the ground-floor of a house in the Upper Town was taken up for the purpose of being replaced by a new one, when the centre beam was found to be resting on twenty-nine human skulls! The lower jaws were all gone, having been detached, probably, for the purpose of allowing them to rest more solidly, or otherwise having decayed away. There is a tradition in the village that a battle was once fought on Bonsall Moor, and it is inferred that these remains were obtained from thence.

A Frenchwoman, at Caen, in Normandy, severely frightened by a negro, has given birth to a girl half white and half black. One half of the face is black, and the other white, yet the child is said to be very pretty and in good health.

Two French bishops and seven priests have recently been massacred in China.

Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, thus describes a shocking incident: "Alongside of that prodigious new opera-house they are building in the *Ka mherstrasse*, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench lately, I counted a hundred and fifty women at work there—dreadful creatures, who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and piled the pick and shovel, and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tilted over their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs clad in huge bucket boots, their features worn, furrowed and begrimed, these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

A curious book has just been published at Paris, in which, under the title "Manifeste du Magnétisme du Globe et de l'Humanité," the author, Captain Bruck, endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the sodical light, shooting-stars and other natural phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation, and of least physical and moral energy; while the 23d of June is the day of the most circulation and energy. The 18th Brumaire (November 9th), was a memorable day in the life of the First Consul—the 23d of June saw the finish of the Empire. Then, again, it is to magnetism that several great moral movements are due—Tutism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Galicism in France, and Catholicism in the Papal States. Moral philosophers will, perhaps, be amused at this mode of treating their special subject—whether science will be benefited thereby, is another question. Captain Bruck states that he is prepared for clamor and to be treated as a dreamer.

In Switzerland the season has been most unattractive both for tourists and hotel-keepers among the Alps. The war at first kept many persons at home, and when that was finished, the increasing stream of tourists met with such a counter-current of rain, that many returned, or diverged in search of less pluvius latitudes.

FRANK LESLIE, our popular and enterprising publisher, has been selected by President Johnson to serve as Commissioner for the American Department at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition of Industry. We congratulate Mr. Leslie on his appointment and the good time he will be certain to have in Paris next spring. Also our American exhibitors, on their having so good a representative and judge of artistic American industry.—*New York Citizen*.

COMMISSIONER TO THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.—The appointment of Frank Leslie, Esq., to the post of National Commissioner to the French Exposition, is a compliment bestowed upon a gentleman of enterprise and industry. For many years Mr. Leslie has labored hard, and we are happy to say successfully, in the production of illustrated newspapers, and his taste and general knowledge admirably qualify him for the post.—*Boston Journal*.



THE MISSES COOKE'S SCHOOL-ROOM, FREEDMEN'S HOSPITAL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

MISSES COOKE'S SCHOOL-ROOM, Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond, Va.

ONE of our illustrations last week showed an office of the Freedmen's Bureau, at Richmond. This week, as a continuation of the interesting series, we give a picture of the school-room for the freed children of larger and smaller growth at Chimborazo Hospital,

on a high bluff overlooking the James River, at the extreme southern part of the city of Richmond. The whole of the buildings of this hospital were assigned for the reception of colored refugees after the evacuation of the city by the Confederates; and this school, founded under the auspices of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, tells its own story in the order prevailing, and the promise which it gives of permanent

benefit to that colored race which could not have been so long kept in slavery if it had not likewise been kept in ignorance.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS AND "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

It was a remark of an acute critic, many years ago, that "scarcely an artist could be found on any stage incapable of playing some part with rare perfection, if only the artist or his friends could be induced to understand what was the peculiar part;" and many instances, on both the American and the foreign stage, illustrate the truth of the statement. When Mr. Sothorn, a pleasant actor, but by no means a great one in other lines, picked up Lord Dundreary, he found the prize of his life. Mr. Owens, a more uniformly excellent actor, but never before within the reach of the celebrity which was his due, found a correspondingly excellent chance in Solon Shingle; and Mr. John S. Clarke discovered his measure almost equally well as Major Wellington de Boots; just as Mr. Jefferson had done as Asa Trenchard. Miss Jean Margaret Davenport struck a corresponding "placard" in fame if not in wealth as Peg Woffington; Mr. Chanfrau found it in the Mose characters; Mr. Blake had it (among other excellencies) as Jesse Rural; Mr. Coudock struck it as Abel Murcott; perhaps Mr. Davidge rivaled either as Solomon Probit. The most notable instance, after all, previous to the success of the subject of this sketch, was Miss Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon—not only alone, but beyond approach. To this same class of peculiar excellencies, toward which all others may gaze in despair, belongs the Lady Audley of Mrs. Bowers, in John Brougham's play from Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret." The character of the subtle, handsome, versatile, bewitching "diamond woman," without one particle of heart, but with a world of simulated caressing fondness to atone for the lack, is hers, hers alone, and no other person can hope to approach it. She may play it when and where she will, and it will always draw, from the subtle reality of the personation. Elsewhere we give an excellent portrait of the lady (a highly pleasing general actress in all appropriate lines, and deservedly popular)—a face worth studying, though even better on the stage than pictorially.

THE MOZIER STATUES.

MR. MOZIER, the distinguished American sculptor, resident of Rome, and so well and favorably known by American travelers, has just placed on exhibition seven of his splendid statues in marble, at the Gallery of the Tenth Street Studio Buildings. It is very seldom that we have an opportunity to see such a collection of rare works. They were all modeled and done in marble at Rome. Mr. Mozier is now on a visit to the land of his birth, and brings the marbles with him, at the urgent request of a large number of Americans who had been at his studio in Italy.

The most important work in the collection is called: THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

It is an illustration of the following familiar passage: "And he arose and came unto his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The figures are life-size: the returned prodigal has flung himself into the arms of his father. The old man holds him tenderly to his bosom and bends over to kiss him on the cheek. The figure of the father represents one of those grand old patriarchs described by the Bards of the Bible; compassion, paternal affection and

forgiveness are depicted in every feature of the face; on his head, he wears an Hebrew turban; the drapery is grand, and must have cost the artist months of study and labor; the whole figure is full of power; every part thereof having been carefully considered. The figure of the son is that of a youth from eighteen to twenty years of age; his attenuated form shows the privations he has undergone; famished, weary and exhausted, he returns; all is rendered by a master-hand. It is in the face, however, that we discover the triumph of the artist. As the penitent youth reclines his head on his father's bosom and looks up, a calm smile overspreads his care-worn face. Seeing the forgiveness of his father, gratitude wells up from his heart and wreaths his features with the utmost tenderness. Any one who can look on this great group, unmoved by either compassion or pity, must have a heart as hard and cold as granite.

We have never seen any modern group that so completely illustrated the uses and beauty of the sublime art of sculpture. It is a poem, a moral lesson, and an imperishable illustration of one of the most beautiful and touching scenes in the sacred Scriptures.

The next figure that attracted our attention was

UNDINE RISING VAILED FROM THE CASTLE WELL.

This is a most beautiful figure; it is fully draped, with the face averted, and most ingeniously veiled, as if to prevent recognition. She stands on the water in a very graceful attitude, with one hand over her head, hold-



MRS. D. P. BOWERS, THE POPULAR ACTRESS, AND GREAT REPRESENTATIVE OF "LADY AUDLEY."



FRANK PIGEON, OF THE BEEFORD B. R. CLUB; BROOKLYN, N. D.

ing up the veil, which is exquisitely managed. Her lithe and agile form shows through the airy folds of the drapery, giving the impression of a lovely molded creature. Whoever may be fortunate to get this statue will have one worthy of any collection in the country. It is life.



IL PENSEROSO.

The third figure is

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

She holds in her left hand the old historic timbrel of the Israelites, and looks pensively to the ground; the head and face resemble those fair daughters of Judah—the very personification of faithfulness, constancy and affection. The figure is finely draped and its pose is



UNDINE.

most admirable. With becoming meekness and resignation, she awaits the decision of her father. There is a beautiful sentiment in this statue—that of patient submission to the will of her parent, which in these degenerate days must always be pleasant to look upon. Though this figure may exist for centuries, even when the brain that conceived it and the hand that fashioned shall have returned to dust, still it will



POCAHONTAS.



JOSEPH MOZIER.

stand, teaching and impressing the same divine principle, mutely, eloquently, for all time. Such are the uses of sculpture; grand and matchless art!

THE PERI; OR, EDEN REGAINED.

This statue is about the height of the "Venus de Medici"—perfectly nude, with wings. In her left hand she holds one of

"the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake:
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!"

She seems to be the embodiment of one of those beautiful creations of Tom Moore, with the attributes of the angel—yet human. In her right hand shine the crystal tears of the penitent sinner, and she exclaims, as she confidently presents at the eternal gate those gifts most dear to angel eyes—

"Joy, joy, forever! My task is done;
The gates are passed, and heaven is won."

This statue was ordered, and is now the property of Mrs. Acklen, of Nashville, Tenn. We have no doubt but that the artist will receive many orders to repeat this fine work.

IL PENSEROSO

is a female figure, tastefully and artistically draped, life size, and was taken from the following lines of John Milton:

"Hail! thou goddess, sage and holy
Hail, divinest melancholy!"

With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble—"



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON—MARBLE GROUP—LIFE SIZE.



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

The chief merit of this statue is its thoughtful repose. It is a thinking being, pulsating with life, and we feel, in looking upon it, that we are in the presence of a living mortal.

Mr. Mozier has displayed great power and knowledge in the management of the draperies of this superb statue. It is a universal favorite.

The other two figures,

POCAHONTAS and the WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.



PERI.

are of a different kind of composition, and we shall take occasion to notice them at another time.

Mr. Mozier's powers as an artist are fully established; had they not been, however, his *chef d'œuvre*, the RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON, is enough to give him a seat in the Pantheon of fame.

We extend to him a most cordial welcome on his return to his native land, and bespeak for him the consideration and reward his great genius so richly deserves.



WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.

GEM FORMS OF THE LANGUAGE.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

"Away, away," cried the stout Sir John,
 "While the blossoms are on the trees;
 For the summer is short, and the time speeds on,
 As we sail for the Northern Seas.
 Ho! gallant Crozier and brave Fitz-James,
 We will startle the world, I trow,
 When we find a way through the Northern Seas,
 That never was found till now!
 A stout good ship is the Erebus,
 As ever unfurled a sail;
 And the Terror will match with as brave a one
 As ever outrode a gale."

So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,
 To the hills and valleys green,
 With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
 And three for the English Queen.
 They sped away beyond cape and bay,
 Where the day and night are one—
 Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,
 And flamed like a midnight sun.
 There was naught below save the hills of snow,
 That stretched to the icy Pole,
 And the Esquimaux, in his strange canoe,
 Was the only living soul.

Along the coast, like a giant host,
 The glittering icebergs frowned;
 Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
 And crashed with a fearful sound.
 The seal and bear, with a curious stare,
 Looked down from the frozen heights,
 And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
 Peered out from the Northern Lights.
 The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
 And even the stout Sir John,
 Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts
 Thrill,
 As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
 Where even the tear-drops freeze;
 But no way was found, by strait or sound,
 To sail through the Northern Seas.
 They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
 And they sought, but they sought in vain;
 For no way was found through the ice around
 To return to their homes again.
 But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,
 Till they closed like a prison wall:
 And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,
 Like jailers, grim and tall!
 O God! O God! it was hard to die
 In that prison-house of ice;
 For what was fame or a mighty name,
 When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
 And even the stout Sir John,
 Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
 As the weeks and months passed on.
 Then the Ice-King came, with his eyes of flame,
 And looked on the fated crew;
 His chilling breath was as cold as death,
 And it pierced their warm hearts through:
 A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
 Came over their weary eyes;
 And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills
 and streams,
 And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes of the good old times
 Were heard in each dying ear,
 And the pattering feet and the voices sweet
 Of their wives and children dear;
 But it faded away—away—away—
 Like a sound on a distant shore,
 And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
 Till they slept to wake no more.
 Oh, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child,
 They weep, and watch, and pray,
 And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
 As the long years pass away.
 The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
 And the good Sir John have found
 An open way to a quiet bay,
 And a port where all are bound.
 Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore
 That circles the frozen Pole;
 But there is no sleep and no grave so deep
 That can hold the human soul.

LADY INEZ;

OR, THE

PASSION FLOWER.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL.—THE DRAWING LESSON.

ABOUT an hour after that when the two cavaliers met on a vast plain some fifty miles from Mexico, and as the sun was setting, one of the Vaile Brethren might have been seen going in the direction taken by the Lady Passion-Flower upon her return home from church.

Apparently, if judgment were taken on his walk, he was a man long past the spring time of his life; but his walk only was the evidence by which he could be judged, for the reader will recall that the Vaile Brethren when performing the offices to which they were devoted went about with a covered face.

The appearance of these brethren was sufficiently ghastly. The body was enclosed in a long black robe, which fell from the neck to the feet, and even covered them. A kind of hood hid the whole of the head, there being cut in front a couple of round holes to admit of the prisoner using his eyes. The hood was loose in front, and fell in folds over the mouth. This hood, it must be understood, was of crape, and therefore very

light; but in a hot country such as Mexico, this costume—which is no longer worn, for during the recent French occupation the brethren were suppressed, on the plea that they were unnecessary to this century—this costume was exceedingly fatiguing, for it impeded perspiration. But the brethren religiously adhered to it, and never made any effort to change it. This uniform completely effected the concealment of the brother, and with his concealment hid his charity.

To return to the evening in question, when one of the Vaile Brethren was seen to move in the direction taken by Lady Passion-Flower, as she turned homeward after prayer time.

Several saluted him as he passed with a respect which was almost reverential. Most men lifted their hats as he moved, and the women stooped their heads and crossed themselves.

He returned the salute in most cases, of course uttered no word, and continued silently on his way.

Through the city he went, from it, and toward the lady's villa.

Suddenly there was a quick, sharp whistle. The Vaile Brother had passed behind the house, and had he been followed, the spy would have learnt that the apparently old, decrepit, vaile man had disappeared.

Within the villa, as the lady heard the whistle, she let fall the painting-brush she was holding, and started to her feet.

She took no heed of the painting that was now completely destroyed by the fall of the brush.

She was alone, and she trembled. She ran to a certain panel in the room, and waited a few anxious seconds.

"His footsteps," she cried.

And as she spoke the panel moved.

"Carlos," she cried.

And eagerly cast herself into the arms of a man—youth—who entered as she spoke.

"At last you have come?"

"Inez, I have only been in Mexico six hours, and I have ridden hard to reach the city. How beautiful you are!"

"You look as though success was with you."

"It is; I am convinced success is mine."

"But remember how great is the danger you run."

"I know it, and seek it." "And are you still as much shut away from the world as ever?"

"Yes—alone and solitary, my Carlos, I must remain."

"Does he still live?"

"Yes, because the intimation that he no longer exists has never been given to me."

"Then we must wait. You are determined to remain in Mexico?"

"Yes, it is most needful that I should remain here."

"Have you any news for me?"

"No, dear Carlos, except that danger is as near all of us as it well can be."

"Do you know from what quarter?"

"No; there seems to be a mysterious enemy who never gives me any peace."

"Strange. His friend, think you?"

"I hardly know what to think. But, on the other hand, I should inform you that I appear to have a mysterious friend."

"And who is he?"

"That is equally a mystery."

"In what way have you learnt the existence of both?"

"I will tell you—ha, the duenna."

They had seated themselves on a sofa, he with an arm about her waist, she with an arm round his neck.

But at these words—"the duenna"—they separated, almost guiltily, and when the aged woman entered she found the gentleman seated at the table, painting, and Inez bringing him one of the two specimens of her art.

"Monsieur," she said, in alarm.

"Yes, I am once more in Mexico," he replied, laughingly.

"Were you seen to enter the house?"

"No."

"Heaven be praised."

"Do you remain here, monsieur?"

"No, dame."

"How do you purpose leaving the house?" she asked, with evident alarm expressed upon her face.

"As I came."

"And how was that?"

"That is my secret."

Inez laughed, but the duenna was evidently suffering from great mental disturbance.

The new-comer saw this, and turning to the aging woman, he laid his hand upon her shoulder and said:

"Do not waste prayer on me, good mother; I'm my father's son, and know danger from safety by merely being near it."

And again he laughed.

By the way, have we said that he was singularly like Don Gracioso?

A casual acquaintance of both could not have avoided mistaking one man for the other.

CHAPTER XL.—FAIRHOE.

THAT SAME evening Fairhoe, St. Asaph and Drummond were seated in the public gardens, canvassing the merits of the lady called Passion-Flower.

"By Jove," bawled Fairhoe, "she is one of the loveliest women I ever saw."

"Granted," replied Drummond, "but now you have slept on it, surely you have given up your wild idea of marrying her?"

"By Jove, I have not."

"But," urged St. Asaph, "what a mistake it would be to march home such a wife to the old people at home. They would never forgive you."

"Oh, yes they would, and they will. I say I'll marry her!"

Drummond laughed.

"You appear to have completed the contract in your own mind, without questioning the other

side. Suppose that she is engaged, or married, or takes an aversion to you?"

"She is not married—I swear; I hope she is not engaged; and if she takes an aversion to me, why—faint heart never won a fair lady."

"Good," cried Drummond, "but if your heart is not faint, how comes it that you did not speak to her?"

"Upon my life I don't know. I am only aware that I—I hardly could find sufficient courage for that."

At this moment a quiet-looking man approached them and asked if he spoke to Mr. Fairhoe.

He himself spoke English, but with a very Spanish accent.

"I'm your man," said Fairhoe.

"This letter, señor."

He gave the missive, bowed, and stepped on one side.

"Strange."

The three looked after him. Unfortunately they lost sight of him before they knew how very necessary it was that he should be arrested.

The letter once opened, the friends read as follows:

"Your life is in danger. The life of any man would be in danger who aspired to the love of the Lady Passion-Flower. Be warned."

The letter was not signed.

"Now I swear I will marry her," cried Fairhoe.

CHAPTER XL.—THE ACCIDENT TO A WATCH-CHAIN.

IN Captain Blayser, of the yacht *Grace*, harbored in the remarkably doubtful harbor of Vera Cruz, had had the least warning of the danger in which his youngsters stood, he would have been up at Mexico city, with a deal of way upon him, in about no time.

"But your English sailor is a man, when he has any education, not at all given to giving himself airs, and he will not, if he can help it, push himself forward unless he is quite sure he is doing others harm and himself no good by holding back."

He had warned the youngsters against Mexican knives, and after he had done so, this mariner shook his head over his last holland he took that night, and doubted whether he had done right in giving this advice to the boys, for your rough old school sailor is a wonderfully modest mariner in his way, and is not given to think much of himself in any other way than the ways of navigation.

But had Cap'n Blayser had the least capful in the world of an idea that his youngsters had got a Mexican "tickler," as he would have called the letter received by Albert Fairhoe, he would have done his best in a saddle, albeit a chair would, for the following fortnight, have appeared as bad a seat as broken bottles in an ordinary way.

Meanwhile, poor Cap'n Blayser took things quiet, only looking a little blue about the gills—"For," said he, "if any of them boys is wrecked, what could I say to their blessed people at home—naught? That is what I could say, which is as easy said as luffing in a smatch of a son-west. Lord keep 'em high and dry, and let us hope no Mexican revolution will break out, for their knives boxes the compass, and they'd be sure to be out to see the fun, and who knows what 'ud happen? Lord, I see myself fetching up afore one of them governors, or maybe the lord chancellor himself, trying to tack, and breaking down like a barge in the mud."

To be sure, there was no fear of the examination in question having to be undergone; but the cap'n felt as he must do it in event of accidents; "For," said he, to the holland, "men with gray hair feels for men with the same, whether with sons or not, all the world over."

The fact is, the captain had a conscience, and he was a good old fellow, though perhaps holland was a liquor too much in his way.

"Leastways," he said to himself, on the second night after the lads had left the yacht—"leastways, the yacht is safe. Earthquakes may shake the land, chimney-pots is unsafe, and knives is nasty; but the yacht is solid, naught can hurt the yacht, and when they have had enough of it, why, back they will come to the *Grace*—the *Grace* being indeed safe. And so good-night."

Now, perhaps the "cap'n" was a little too sanguine, when he was quite certain that the yacht was solid.

In a treacherous land, treachery can put off in a boat, and do vast mischief.

But the honest old captain thought nothing about treachery near him, and he went to sleep with a "God bless everybody," which was quite in the old boy's way.

Meanwhile, at Mexico, that scene was passing which took place just about the time at which the old captain timed it.

"Now, I swear I will marry her," were Fairhoe's words.

"Bravo!" said both friends.

"That is plucky," added St. Asaph.

"This seems a queer place we have got into," said Drummond.

"What say you, you fellows, shall we fall back from a beggarly thing of a letter? Are we to be frightened by a bit of paper?"

"The only bit of paper that could frighten me," said St. Asaph, "would be the copy of a writ. I own I can't stand that."

Drummond laughed at this sally, not so Fairhoe; this latter was too preoccupied to catch what wit, if any, there was in St. Asaph's remark.

"You'll stand by me, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," was the reply of both men, their eyes sparkling.

For it is one of the greatest charms of the character of a true English gentleman, that while he will not thrust himself forward in any heroic way, and indeed rather affects to look down upon pushing one's bravery forward, this gentleman, when once his courage and valor are appealed to, is as persistent in his resistance as any man in the world, and perhaps more so.

Had Albert Fairhoe appealed to them seriously

to help him carry to an end his purpose of becoming acquainted with the unknown lady, it is very likely they would have treated the proposal coolly, or have thrown it over together.

But now that they were threatened as it were in the name of their friend, the spirit of resistance was at once awakened in them.

"Then," said Fairhoe, "you fellows will really assist me in defying this unknown enemy, if indeed the whole affair is not a threat which has no strength to back it."

"For my own part," said St. Asaph, "I am under the impression that it is a hoax of some character. We may have been overheard talking of the lady, and some friend may be in this part of the world who takes this odd means of introduction, having himself heard our talk. I cannot believe that there is anything serious in the letter."

"I don't know so much about that," said Drummond. "I remember as a boy reading very much of Spanish and Corsican vendettas, where the insult of a moment has led to years of resentment; nay, I remember reading somewhere that vendetta positively keeps down the advance of population in Corsica itself. Remember that these Mexicans are descended on the one hand from Spaniards and Corsicans, and by their early mothers from American Indians, who are the most cunning, remorseless and patient in their revenge of all the races in the world. I am inclined to believe that there may be remorseless cruelty at the back of that letter, and that the writer is writing to warn you, Fairhoe, or rather us, for you know well enough I and St. Asaph will stand by you, whatever comes of it, to warn us against himself."

"For my part," said Fairhoe, "whether there be danger behind the letter or not, I will not abandon my determination. I may not be a man of very high sentiments, but of this I am certain, that I think of this lady as I never yet thought in reference to any woman. For one thing I am convinced—she is unhappy; that, perhaps, she would escape from this place if she could. Hear my plans. Were I to play the Spaniard, attend her at church, bow as she passed, drop a flower, sing under her window, and so forth, I must fail, because I am not used to those ways, and all about her are to the manor born. I shall adopt quite another course. She speaks English; do you know that?"

"No. How came you to find that out?"

"Are you sure she speaks our tongue?"

"Yes, I have heard her speak in the language."

The friends looked up astounded.

"You see I know already more of the lady than you would probably be inclined to give me credit for. She speaks English; of that I am absolutely certain."

"And what are your plans, Fairhoe?"

"I will speak to her as she kneels in church. She will hear me there. I will tell her I love her, offer her my name and fortune, mention the English ambassador here, to whom, among others, I have a letter of introduction, and intimating, at a guess, that I know she is wretched here in Mexico. I will offer her the protection of the yacht, with your permission."

"Certainly."

"Surely, my dear fellow."

"But," urged St. Asaph, "I am at a loss to understand how it is that you are so certain that she is unhappy here, that she desires to escape from this land, and that there is danger in the attempt?"

"When I believe that her life is unhappy, that she does seek to escape from this place, and that she runs some risk in any attempt of the kind, I am almost certain that I am right—I trust I am wrong. But come, St. Asaph, and you, Drummond, pick yourself up; the air has turned chilly. Let us go to a café, and try some chocolate and a suspicion of cogniac."

The friends rose not at all unwillingly and the three turned toward the plaza.

Trustful themselves, and quite unaccustomed to spy upon others, they did not for one moment suspect that they might have been overheard in their conversation by some eavesdropper.

Had they been Mexicans they would have suspected the very act of presenting the missive containing the warning in a public garden and while the friends were seated in the shadow of a flowering bush, the lower branches of which swept the ground.

A Mexican would at once have doubted the neighborhood of the shrubbery near him. Not so the Englishmen. Had they been told that the natural want of suspicion of the English character had been taken into the calculation when the scheme of the presentation of the warning was being pieced together, they would have simply disbelieved the statement.

Had they, furthermore, been told that it was quite probable the messenger waited until they were seated under the trees in the public garden, in order that the reading of the letter might the more readily be followed by still more espionage, they would have turned their back upon the informant.

Nay, had they suspected the neighborhood of the shrub, and had they thereupon inspected it, they would have found very little to arouse suspicion.

There was merely a bare, brown-legged flower-boy lying fast asleep on his back—such a boy as might be stumbled over at any Mexican street-corner at any moment throughout the year.

His basket lay by his side, a few bunches of fading flowers remaining in it.

After the three friends had risen and left the garden this youth still remained asleep, and had any observer noted what passed he would have seen that the boy only started from his sleep when a quickly-passing pedestrian trod upon his extended legs.

"Diavolo!" cries the passenger, as the boy springs up with a cry of pain.

Then the observer would have marked that the pedestrian held this conversation with the boy:

"Have I hurt thee, child?"

"Ay, seffor, your feet are as heavy as a bad conscience."

"Then will I plaster thy wound with a few reals if thou hast flowers to sell."

The boy touched his forehead with the back of his hand and smiled.

Then the observer would have noted that the heads of the buyer and seller approached, that apparently there was a discussion over the flowers, and that finally the passer-by purchased a couple of bunches, putting back a third which he had lifted. He gave the boy money. Then the observer would have noted that the pedestrian said cheerfully:

"Heaven be with thee, lad—good-by."

"And with you, too, seffor," was the reply.

Then the pedestrian went one way, the boy another, and had the pedestrian been followed it would have been found that he went to a café in a small back street, that he entered with a pleasant word, and that his first act was to place his purchases in a flower-vase on the counter, and call for water.

The boy had taken the direction preferred by the three yachtsmen, to whom we will now return.

The three friends strolled toward the plaza, the open square of the city, and then turning to one of the cafés with which the spot was provided, they sat down at one of the little tables which are placed outside the shops, and a waiter appearing, their orders were very rapidly given.

And now, absurd as the following particulars may read, it is necessary that they should be given—St. Asaph and Drummond ordered chocolate, Fairhoe lemonade.

And the three friends were thus seated at the table—St. Asaph and Drummond sat with their backs to the café, their faces toward the open square. Before each of them, as they sat each with an elbow on the marble table, there was a chair, which St. Asaph and Drummond had drawn up, much after the fashion of Englishmen, upon which to rest their feet.

It will thus be seen that there was a kind of barrier between these two and any one approaching the table.

Fairhoe, on the contrary, would, so to speak, touch any one who came near.

The waiter set each article ordered before the men. Fairhoe's lemonade was placed near the edge of the table, and, as attracted by something Drum said, he turned half way from the plaza and toward the table, it fell out that any one approaching desirous of addressing the three friends at once, would stand between St. Asaph's second chair and Fairhoe himself, and directly before the glass of lemonade.

The plaza at Mexico is of an evening always swarming with street-dancers and singers, flower and fruit boys and girls, and people of a like character.

The friends had been seated during two minutes, and they had only been troubled by one guitar and two pair of castagnettes, when a boy of very engaging looks approached and held his basket up before Fairhoe.

The boy was an extremely handsome, attractive, happy-looking lad, and he at once startled the three friends by speaking in English, broken, but very correctly accented.

"Good even, seffors—flowers?"

"Why, the boy speaks English," said Fairhoe, laying his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"Hullo, lad," he said almost immediately, "why are you trembling—why are you shaking?"

"Juan have been ill, seffor."

"Poor lad—poor lad," said Fairhoe, in a tender voice, for he had been brought among women, and such men can always find a kindly tone in their voices with very little trouble—hence they are so successful in their love-making.

The boy trembled still more.

"Why, confound it," said St. Asaph, "he has tears in his eyes."

"Juan—weak—is not strong."

"Is Juan your name?"

"Juan."

"What else?"

"Juan Benito."

"Can you write?"

"A little, seffor."

The boy was still trembling.

"How came you to speak English?"

"Juan—once cabin boy—Englishman's yacht."

"Ha—been on a yacht. Would you like to go on one again? By the way," he continued, turning to his friends, "our boy is getting very troublesome, and this looks a heady lad. What if we were to take him on?"

"Blayser would never take to him," said St. Asaph.

"True," continued Fairhoe. "I would I could help him, for there is something in his face which reminds me of some old association—though I cannot say what."

The friends nodded.

And somehow, this association working upon his heart, he found himself holding the boy's hand.

"Hullo," he said, suddenly, "these hands are rare and fine for a street boy's."

St. Asaph and Drummond leant forward.

There could be no doubt that the hands were very delicate, and even that they were beautifully tanned.

"Why, they look like a girl's hands," said St. Asaph.

The boy was now trembling still more.

"Juan's flowers do not hurt hands," the boy said, in a faint voice.

"Confound the boy," said Fairhoe, "I seem to be quite pitying him. Lad, take this, and trot along."

He picked up a bunch of flowers—have we said the basket was full of fresh blossoms?—and dropped a large piece of silver in the boy's hand.

"He is positively howling," said St. Asaph;

"by Jove, this appears to me quite an adventure."

And now the boy suddenly drawing himself up and compressing his lips, raised the basket of flowers, held them above the still untouched glass of lemonade, and offered bouquets to St. Asaph and Drummond.

"No, no," said Drummond, "you have done well enough by us already; you will make no more; so trundle, youngster."

"Juan want no money, seffor has paid nobly; will the seffors accept flowers?"

The basket was still over the glass of lemonade.

"No," the two said, and so sharply, that Fairhoe added, kindly:

"Why, what has the lad done that you should tongue him so heavily?"

"Boys are boys," said St. Asaph, "and are a nuisance—look out, or perhaps he may pick your pocket."

Suddenly the boy's eyes flashed angrily.

"I am no thief," he said, in wonderfully distinct English.

Then he dashed to the ground the money he had received.

His next act was to start away.

His next to return.

"Bless my soul, Fairhoe, why he has seized your glass—drop it, or you'll get more than you bargain for."

The glass was wrenched from the boy's hand, and once more set upon the table.

"Fate—fate!" shouted the boy, and turning, he sped away at an extraordinary swift pace.

"That's a queer young customer," said St. Asaph.

"More so than pleasant," replied Drummond;

"going to smoke, Saphy?"

"Yes. What do you take after your chocolate?"

"Bran—cold, I think."

Now, while this uninteresting and thirsty interchange of words was passing between the two friends, Fairhoe fell into a dreamy, thoughtful state, which, in an ordinary way, was by no means characteristic.

And as though some cheering association between the boy and the glass before him had taken possession of his mind, he drew the tumbler toward him, and, as he looked at it with no set purpose, as far as he could afterward say, he fell into a strange train of thought relating to the resemblance of the boy's face to some unknown countenance in the long and almost forgotten past, which now, pale and dim, haunted the yachtsman's brain.

And with that strange industry in a small way which we have all experienced when we have been very deep in thought, he took up his watch-chain, at the end of which hung a number of ornamental trifles, and holding the whole above his glass, he let it swing backward and forward, after the manner of a clock pendulum.

To observe him, it might have been thought that his whole attention was devoted to the operation of making the oscillation of the watch-chain perfectly regular.

He himself, on the contrary, afterward declared that he had no memory of this act whatever, and that his first knowledge of what he was doing was when the discovery came upon them.

As the reader knows, it was dark. The café was lit about its façade, and was sufficiently brilliant, but the only light at the table occupied by the three friends was that afforded by the glimmer of the small lamp lighted for the convenience of smokers.

Twice or thrice St. Asaph or Drummond addressed Fairhoe, but so deep was his preoccupation that their words did not rouse him.

"Come, Fairhoe," at last said St. Asaph, "for the Lord's sake, wake up, man—here, have a cigar."

And so speaking, as St. Asaph held the cigar out with one hand, petulantly he struck a fusee with the other.

The sudden accession of light as the result of this action at once revealed the warning nature gave in one shape of her marvellous, obscure, but ever orderly, unyielding power.

The two men, St. Asaph and Drummond, very naturally had their eyes upon the swinging object which appeared to be engrossing Fairhoe's attention; and at the same moment all three men made the same discovery.

"Great heaven!" cried St. Asaph, "the gold is black."

A sudden, swift examination proved that that portion of the chain and appendages which had been swinging over the lemonade was more or less black, those portions being blackest which had been nearest the liquor.

That part of the chain which had remained below the level of the glass had still all the appearance of gold.

For some moments neither guessed the truth.

St. Asaph was the first to find the clue.

"Why, can the lemonade be poisoned?"

St. Asaph covered the glass with his hat, called for a second service of lemonade, and waited.

Not a word further had been said when the second glass arrived. The waiter looked innocent enough; evidently he had not sufficient courage to be entrusted with an attempt upon life.

St. Asaph suspended his own chain over this second glass of lemonade.

No change in the gold.

He placed it in the liquor.

No change.

Then he held it over the first glass.

First grayish.

Then gray—dark gray.

Black!

Evidently the first glass of lemonade was in fault.

It was St. Asaph again who threw something like light upon the subject.

"Great heaven!" he cried, "the boy!"

"The boy!" shouted Fairhoe. "No, no, I can't believe it. He had an honest, earnest face. I'll not believe it."

"But remember, he only has approached the table. Recall that he held his basket over the glass when he offered us the flowers. He could have poisoned the liquid."

"Impossible!" cried Fairhoe; "my life on it the boy is pure and good-minded."

"But, if merely a street-boy, why did he throw down the money?"

"If merely a street-boy, why were his hands so white and delicate?"

"Recall the threat."

"Remember amongst how cruel a people we are."

"True, true," cried Fairhoe, "but the memory of the long since lost face haunts me. I cannot—I cannot believe the boy guilty. Again, what motive could he have?"

"Ha, I see you are determined to believe in his innocence. I will, therefore, only point out that at all events some one has a motive to destroy you, and the unknown has made his first attempt. At all events we are on our guard against a second."

THE GREAT ABATTOIRS AT COMMUNIPAW.

GRADUALLY, and yet rapidly, while the political economists and the politicians are squabbling over the question of benefiting the public health, and adding to public decency by removing the slaughter-houses of New York from general view and the other general senses, common sense and moneyed enterprise are settling the whole matter; just as while the conflicting routes for the great Pacific Railroad seem to engross so much attention, as to make it doubtful whether it will ever be built at all, local necessity is all the while shortening the amount of road necessary to be built, by adding mile after mile at either end, so that by-and-by the road will be found to have actually built itself.

The admirable abattoir arrangements of the French metropolis, only partially taken hold of as yet by the enterprise of the English over the channel, seem likely to be caught here with much more readiness. One principle the French have established—that for the sake of both health and decency, and scarcely less for convenience and eventual profit, the slaughtering of cattle must be done out of town, and away at once from the centres of business and residence. Another point, too, they have indicated if not established, that erections for such purposes should be made where the supply of water is continual and plentiful. So much known, our American engineers can well supply the rest, and the Communipaw enterprise is the result.

The marshes of Communipaw, below Jersey City, and fronting on Staten Island Sound and the Upper Bay, literally worthless for any other purpose except this and "docking out" to meet the wishes of the New Jersey Central Railroad Company, some time ago caught the practical eyes of persons interested, and an early result was the incorporation of the New Jersey Stock-Yard and Market Company by the Legislature of that State last winter. The secondary result was the completion of the Communipaw abattoirs and their formal opening on the 15th of October, though the work had been somewhat seriously delayed from the blowing down of the finished great sheds by one of our summer hurricanes. Though by no means in extent, what they will be at some early day, when the demand shows the necessity of further extension, the erections are even now stupendous in extent and heavy in cost, while there really seems little that could be added in the way of convenience. Covered buildings are to be found by the ten acres, and well arranged yards by the twenty or thirty acres, while sewerage for the carrying off of dirty water and fetid substances is complete and thorough, and the arrangements for keeping cattle in comfort are much more careful than have before been known on this continent.

Meanwhile, the whole work of slaughtering and preparing for market is arranged to be done by machinery, thus economizing time, labor and expense, and the facilities for throwing the product of the great slaughter-houses into market in good order are only excelled by the arrangement which brings the unslaughtered cattle from the Central Railroad cars to the place of their wholesale immolation. Added to all this, the grounds include an excellent hotel for drovers and others interested, and trying-houses for offal, tallow and lard, giving promise that one of the worst nuisances of the crowded city will soon be carried totally beyond its limits. It might be too much to say that the bones of the Yankee of his "mutton-machine," by which a sheep, thrown in, was immediately turned out in the shape of four quarters of roast mutton, a wool hat, a leather apron and a gross of bone buttons, is here exactly carried into effect; but certainly the celebrity of Cincinnati arrangements for hog-killing is imperiled from the completeness of the Communipaw cattle slaughtering arrangements, and this was an enterprise is really in only its beginning.

The leading persons in this great enterprise are said to be cattle-dealers of Chicago, interested in a better delivery of manufactured stock in the great Eastern market, with whom are associated prominent members of the New Jersey Central, the Pennsylvania Central, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and other railroads, all holding large interest in either transportation or delivery. They have certainly inaugurated an enterprise at once stupendous and necessary; and the result of it will no doubt be, at an early day, the duplicating of these abattoirs in other eligible quarters, or the enlarging of these until capable of supplying the whole demand; after which cattle will be slaughtered as well as purchased there, their meat brought to market ready dressed, all trying and hide-cleaning done there, and we shall hear no more of "bone-boiling," "fat-melting" and "slaughter-house" nuisances, or of the eternal injunctions in the courts for removing or perpetrating them.

Our views of the abattoirs, this week, are three in number. The first, or larger, shows the fronts of the great slaughter-houses, with the hotel, the cattle-yards, etc. The second shows the rear of the establishment, with the facilities for bringing in the cattle; and the third indicates the very complete arrangements for bringing stock from the railroad to places of keeping or for slaughter. With these, and the facts already communicated, a pretty satisfactory idea may at once be obtained of what is certainly one of the industrial features of the day, as well as an enterprise commending itself to every sense of profit and propriety.

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OUR BASE-BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subject of our sketch this week is Mr. Frank Pigeon, the veteran player of the Eckford Club of Brooklyn, then whom no man in the vicinity is more respected. The Eckford Club is one of the oldest organizations

in the National Association, and for years has held high rank as one of the strongest playing clubs of the country, the Eckfords being the only club, except the Athletics, who have ever been the champion club of the United States, they, for two years in succession—viz., during 1862 and '63—carrying the whip over their club banner, and achieving a success in the season of 1863 which no club before or since has ever equaled, for the Eckfords that year won every single game they played, first nine, second nine and amateur matches, defeating the Athletics, Mutuals, Athletics and Union, after each had defeated other strong clubs. The winter of 1863, however, saw more than half of their nine seceders from the club, and since then they have been unable to regain the championship laurels. The year 1864 saw Mosch, of their nine, in the Athletic Club, Sprague, in the Athletics, and two others—whose disgraced names we decline to print—in a New York club, while their strongest player, the jolly "Jimmy Wood," went to the West, and their catcher to the South, the champion nine of the Eckfords thereby being broken up. Next season, no doubt, will see the best man of the party in their old places and the Eckford Club in its former leading position again. But it is with the veteran of the club we have specially to deal in this article, and to him we now refer.

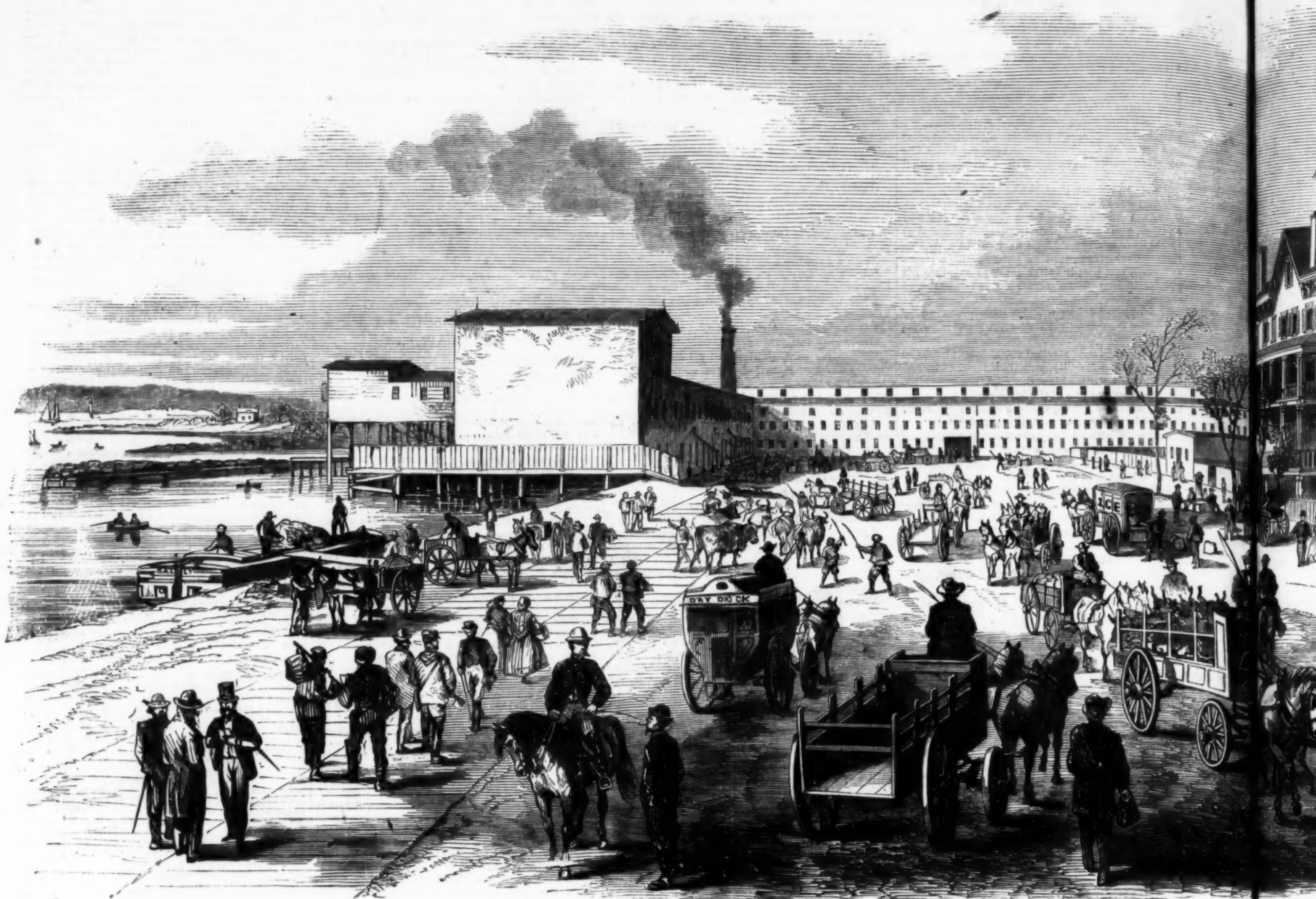
Frank Pigeon, like P. O'Brien, is one of those men whose integrity of character make them objects of respect to every true man in the fraternity. Ardent devotees to the interests and welfare of the game, they strive to do all in their power to rid it of the evils that attend all such popular pastimes; and it is to the efforts of this conscientious class of ball-players that the National Game is indebted for its present high position as the most moral outdoor sport in the country.

Did Frank Pigeon have his way, such things as players leaving clubs for pecuniary considerations, as "sold" games, or playing matches for "gate-money" would be unknown. No man enters into the spirit of a contest more ardently than Frank, and none would quicker avail himself of any strategical point to win a fight, but none would sooner scorn to obtain an unfair advantage. As a player Frank was, until disabled from active play by a severe accident, one of the most noted pitchers of the fraternity. His point of excellence was his judgment in delivery, none studying the weak points of his adversaries more than he did. His judgment, too, in general, was a field was excellent, and his influence in the management of the affairs of his club was such that his retirement in the country was a great loss to it. We regret not having space to comment further on the characteristics of this most worthy veteran; suffice it to say, that he is one of the school which we hope to see renewed soon, for the best interests of the game need just such honest, conscientious men at the head of our first-class organizations.

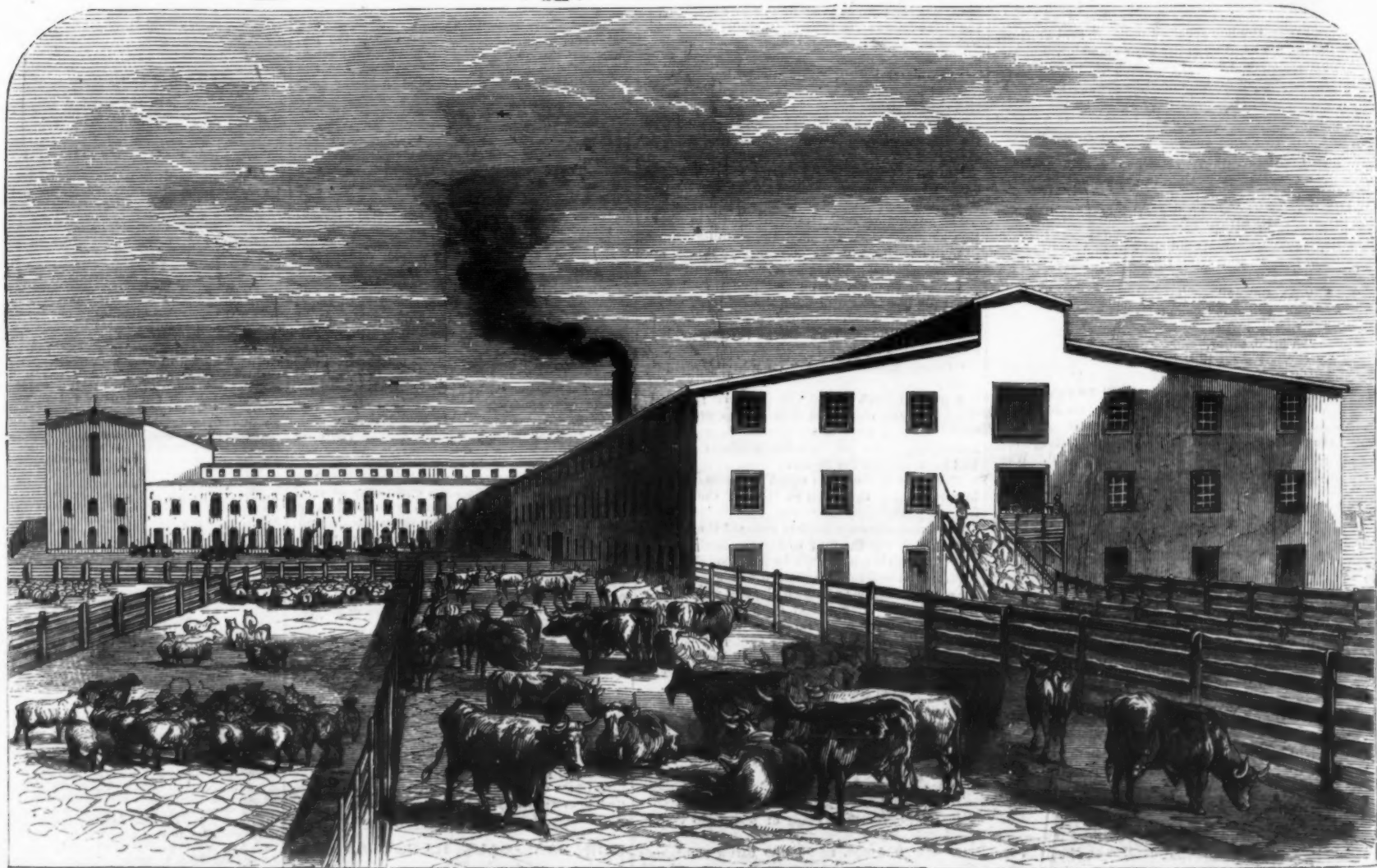
ALMOST A RESCUE.—While the French prisoner Lamirande, recently arrested under the extradition treaty for delinquency committed in France, was being conveyed the other day from Liverpool to Paris, in charge of Superintendent Carlisle, Inspector Melin (of the French police), and the Canadian Detective Spillings, an exciting incident occurred. When the train arrived at Camden Town station, London, the compartment in which the prisoner and the officers were seated was entered by a London gentleman, "learned in the law," and by four Frenchmen. The Frenchmen were armed with sticks, and, upon taking their seats, abruptly inquired who was Carlisle and who was Lamirande. Superintendent Carlisle asked what might be their business, but the Frenchmen declined to be communicative. Carlisle ordered them to leave the carriage, but they persisted in keeping their seats until the arrival of the train at Euston Square station. On the way the Frenchmen said they would not allow the officers in charge of Lamirande to proceed further, as he (Lamirande) had been arrested without a warrant, and was, therefore, illegally detained. The prisoner, however, was removed to a hackney carriage, after considerable opposition on the part of the Frenchmen, who attempted to enter the conveyance. They were unsuccessful, however, and the carriage was driven to an hotel, whither the prisoner was followed in a cab by the Frenchmen and the solicitor. Upon overtaking the vehicle in which Lamirande rode, the Frenchman expressed a desire to speak with the prisoner, but Superintendent Carlisle entered his protest. He informed the solicitor that the documents for the extradition of Lamirande were genuine, and that his (the solicitor's) interference was illegal. The legal gentleman then stated that he had been to the Home and Foreign offices, but that the officials there declined all interference. The Frenchmen now prepared to take their leave, but observed, before going, that they had come prepared for a "rough" or "smooth." The "smooth," however, prevailed, and they allowed the unlucky Lamirande to proceed on his eventful journey.

IS THE MOON the sole satellite of our globe? We are not here left entirely to conjecture. One of the most satisfactory products of recent science is that which has enriched our knowledge of the heavens by the discovery of a host of minor bodies which have an orbit of revolution at no great distance from us, and which occasionally impinge on our surface. The general notion of the so-called shooting-stars is, doubtless, that of an elliptical ring or ring, having the sun for centre of gravitation. It has been thought, however, by some astronomers that a certain number of these fleeting stars may be so many satellites of our earth, as to say, from the sun, by dint of the earth's superior attraction at certain points of its orbit. M. Petit, of the Observatory of Toulouse, in France, has actually calculated the orbit of such a meteor, of which he was enabled to get a sufficient number of elements. This singular companion of ours has, it would appear, a period of revolution round us of not more than three hours and twenty minutes. The mean velocity of this asteroid is about eight thousand yards in a second, or not far from one-fourth of that of the earth itself. Who knows but that there may be a host of miniature moons accompanying us in our voyage through space, showing us their shining faces when not eclipsed in the cone of the earth's shadow? It is a curious circumstance that the average density of those meteoric bodies with which we are familiar is between 3.67 and 3.84 times that of water, while the mean density of the moon, as determined by the most careful calculations, is set down at 3.66, about that of flint-glass or of the diamond. The comparative instances of which these meteorites are composed afford thus a striking term of comparison with the general mass of the moon. What if our magnificent satellite should turn out in the end to be nothing more than the chief among a host of meteorites?

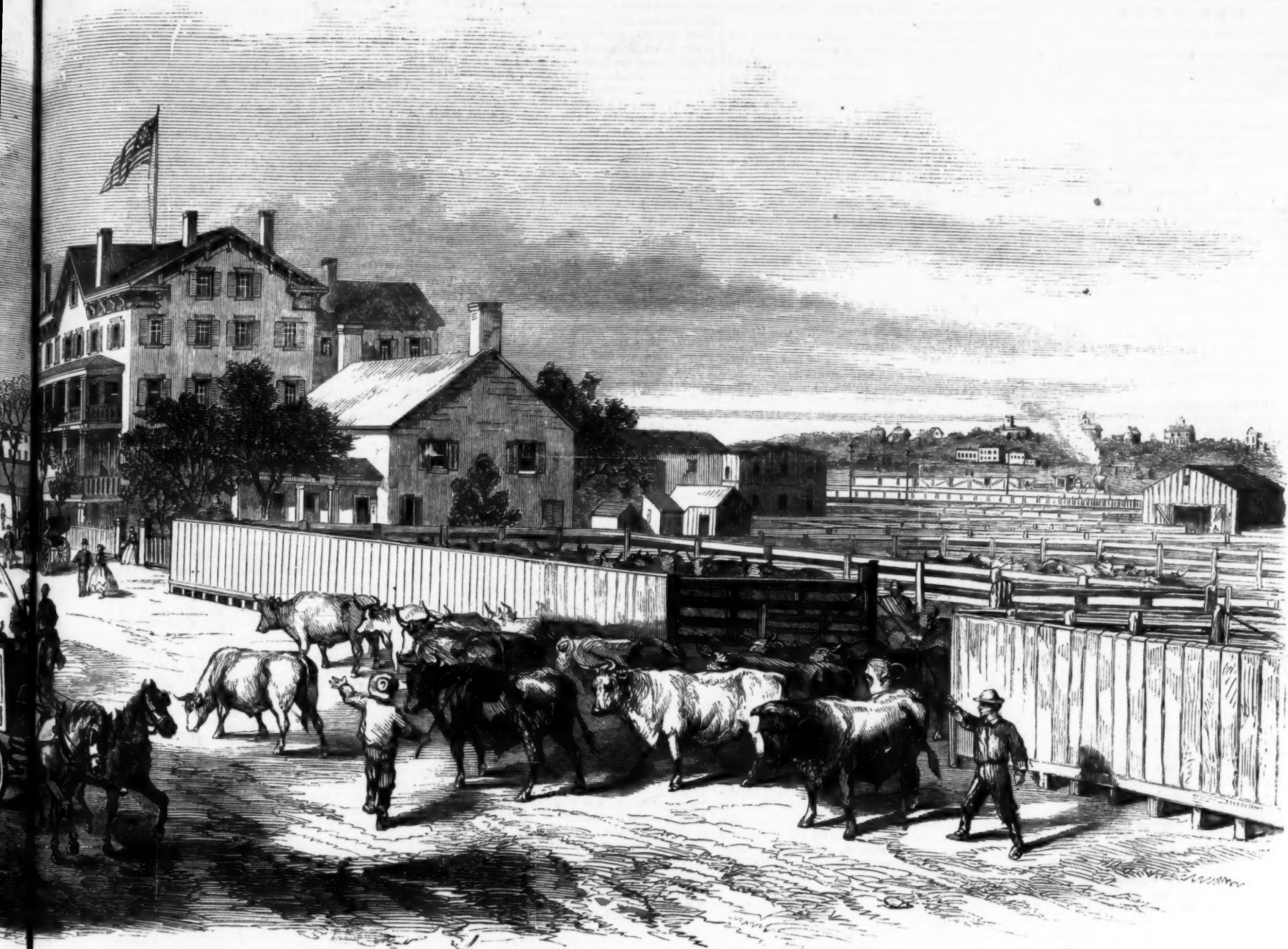
FLOGGING ON SHIPBOARD.—The London Star publishes the following, written by a seaman on board one of Her Majesty's guard-ships: "I am sorry to tell you that I saw a poor fellow flogged on board this week. It was for desertion. He had four dozen lashes. It was horrible to look at, but we had to be all on deck to witness it. His crime was dreadful to hear, and his poor back was torn to pieces. It was the two boat-swains' mates that flogged him. They had to give him two dozen apiece. The first one flogged him all right, but I could see the other one tremble very much when it came to his turn to flog; and he took the cats in his hand and made two lashes at him, when the cats fell out of his hand on deck, and he could hardly stand. So as soon as the captain saw this he bawled out to him, 'Take them up and do your duty, or I will flog you.' The poor fellow took the cats up again and made two more attempts to flog him, but he could not do it; so they had to get another man to come and do it, and the other poor fellow is put down in the cells to wait to be tried by a court-martial for refusing to flog the man. I thought our captain was a very nice man, but after what I saw of him on Monday he seemed to be the biggest brute I ever saw. I believe if it had been in his power he would have had the other man tied up and flogged him also."



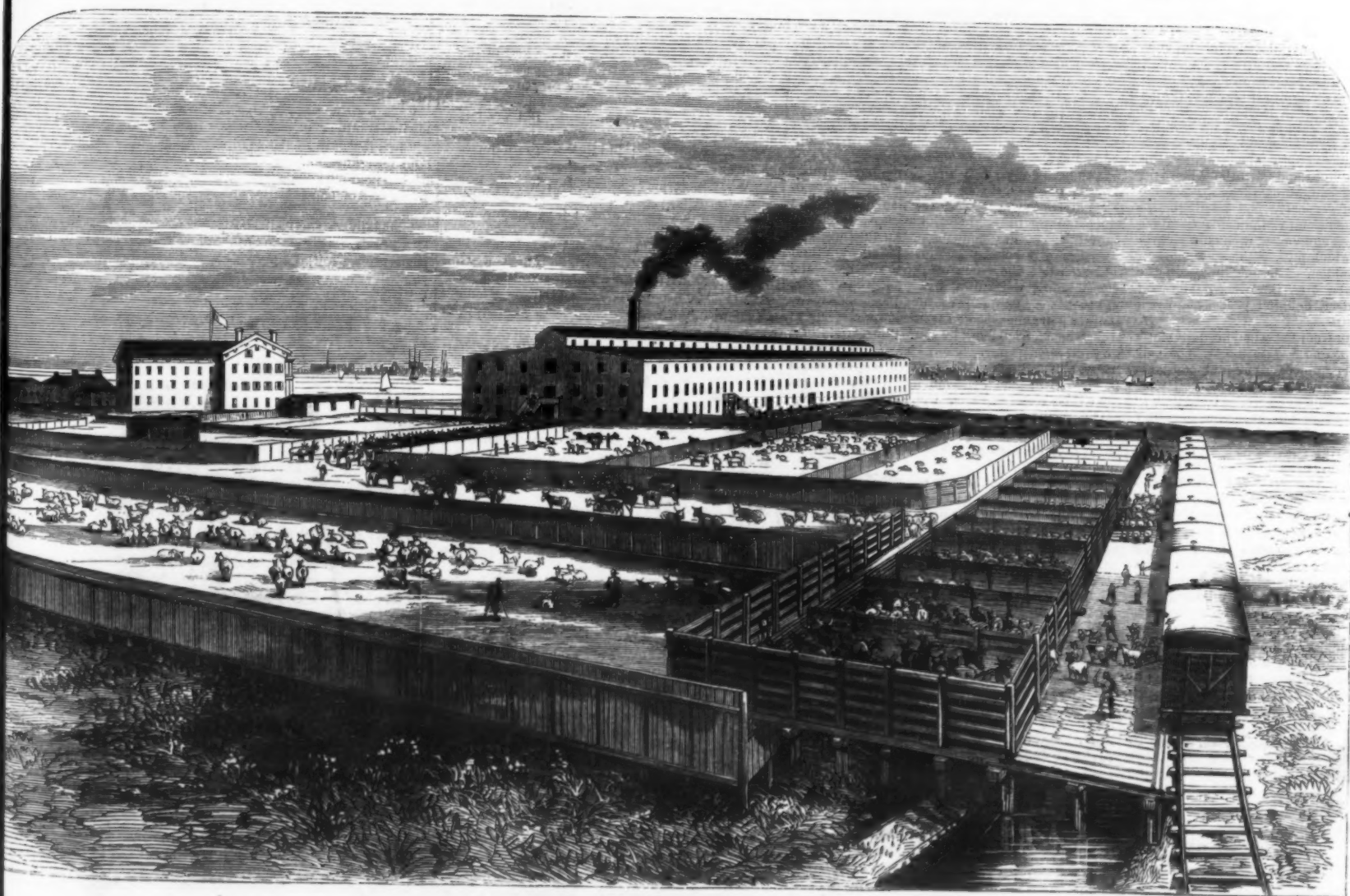
THE GREAT ABATTOIRS OR SLAUGHTER HOUSES AT COMMUNIPAW, NEW JERSEY.



CATTLE YARDS IN THE REAR OF THE ABATTOIRS AT COMMUNIPAW.



NEW JERSEY CITY, OPENED ON THE 15TH OCTOBER.—SEE PAGE 135.



DISCHARGING CATTLE FROM THE RAILWAY TRAINS TO THE YARDS AT COMMUNIFAW.

ONE LOOK.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Your eyes, beloved! take their light away;
Their buried splendor must not rise again—
Sad eyes, too full of passion, full of pain—
They bid me leave you, darling, if you stay!

I saw the color rise in each soft cheek,
Then all as suddenly return to pale,
As though the very crimson strove to speak,
But dying, syllabled a longer tale.

The sad eyes say: "Fear not. I shall not start—
I shall not beckon off your love from HER!—
I shall not tremble and I shall not stir,
Nor wither you by laying bare my heart!

"Close by two lovers I shall pass, nor weep
To see her leaning on your faithless arm—
Close as to hear your two hearts beating warm,
And mine as cold as unawakened sleep.

"I shall not see her triumph; in her eyes
I shall not trace a beauty never mine;
I shall not curse her as I see her thine,
Nor let my sorrow stifle your replies.

"But, ah! I shall remember, in the days
That soon must follow, how our eyes have met—
O God, how often!—how can I forget
The eyes that looked into my burning face!"

Yes! I had killed my feelings; I had thought
To sleep forever ere that day should come!
But now we meet—your eyes to mine are brought,
Love is not dead—it lives! Where is its home?

THE FREAK OF A GENIUS.

VL—COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER.—(CONTINUED.)

The wound proved more serious than the doctor predicted, and kept Kent a prisoner for several weeks. Mrs. Chandos took possession of him, and made it quite impossible for him to lead the life of a recluse, as he persisted in trying to do for a time. The good lady had a motive for her devoted neighborliness, for though she knew very little of what had transpired between the four, she perceived that something was amiss, and fearing that St. George had, by offending his adopted father, endangered his inheritance, she endeavored to secure the fortune to the elder ward, lest the younger should lose it. Margaret had refused many fine offers, saying she loved her liberty too well to relinquish it for an establishment; but Margaret liked oddities, was more friendly with Kent than with any gentleman of her acquaintance, and Mrs. Chandos tried to improve this excellent opportunity by throwing the two as much together as English etiquette would permit. Kent was odder than ever during these weeks, sometimes genial and gentle, then, without apparent cause, suddenly becoming morose or melancholy, and now and then he vanished altogether, shutting himself "to romp about the house as if he was a raging sort of a ghost," as the housemaid said in confidence to Mills, who, of course, reported it to his mistress. At first Margaret laughed at his moods, and often rallied him out of them, but all at once, in a day, she changed entirely. A shy, deferential manner replaced her former free and frank demeanor. She met him now with averted eyes, yet often stole covert glances at him as if she found some new charm in that rugged face. She spoke of him to others with a certain proud humility which caused them to smile significantly as they went away. When he talked she listened intently, and often a quick rising light and warmth flashed over her face as if she caught or recognized some hidden trait, some suspected fact intelligible to her alone. And sometimes when St. George's name was mentioned she looked up at his picture with a glance in which pity, pain and exultation were curiously blended. These changes in the two much perplexed Mrs. Chandos, but hoping for the best, she wisely held her peace, and was a model chaperon.

Meanwhile letters from Paris had brought many alternations of hope and fear to the anxious pair at home. On this subject Kent and Margaret never differed, and being in the secret, were obliged to hold private conferences from time to time. St. George wrote but once, and then only on business to Kent. May wrote often and freely, but soon the lively accounts of a gay visit were accompanied by complaints of St. George's reckless mode of life, entreaties for advice, and longings to see "Greta and dear Kent."

"How long must we stay?" she asked, though the month was barely gone. "I'm wearying to get back, and never want to come again. At first it was charming, and I enjoyed everything. Now I am heartily tired, for Saint gives me no rest. He is kind, but so unnaturally gay he frightens me sometimes, and I keep with him as much as possible, for if he is alone he goes and plays with some dashing young Frenchman whom I do not like. I scold him, and beg him not to do it, but he only laughs and proposes some new gayety, to which I assent to keep him safe. It is all glitter and noise and hurry here, and I am worn out. I long for you and Fanfan, the quiet garden, and my dear old Kent. Let me come soon or I shall be ill."

"What must we do?" asked Margaret, as she showed this letter to her friend.

"Wait a little, and if matters do not mend I will go and take her place, sending her home to carry Saint away to Switzerland to cool his fever among the Alps."

"Are you not anxious about the gambling?"

"Not yet; he will soon tire of it, and the money is well spent if it teaches him a lesson. Leave him to me, and do you write a wise, kind letter to poor little madam."

"Will you add a line?" and Margaret stole a

look at him, wondering if he had begun to conquer his love yet."

"I have nothing to say, thank you. Give her my regards, and tell her to be patient."

The words were kind, but the manner calm and cool, and the absent expression of his face was most unloverlike.

"I never shall understand him," she said, petulantly to herself, as he left her; then she laughed, and added, with a tone of triumph. "Let him be as mysterious as he pleases, I shall find him out at last. No man can deceive a woman long, artful as he may be."

VII.—A RUDE.

ANOTHER week brought a letter which dismayed Margaret.

"I am so unhappy I must come home," it began. "I have begged Saint to go, but he will not; and when I proposed having you and Kent come over he was quite savage, and said, with a look that frightened me: 'When I am out of the way he may come and welcome; as for Margaret, she will not stir unless we are dying.' Oh, Greta! he is so strange, so unlike his former self, my heart is nearly broken. I begin to fear his mind is not right, for when he would not listen to my warnings against these bad Frenchmen, I lost my temper, and said I wished I'd never married him. Of course I didn't mean it, and he knew it, but he turned on me, looking so white and stern that I cried out as he said, in a way that haunts me now: 'I wish to God you never had!' Pray, pray, don't repeat this. I ought not to, but my heart is so full I must speak. It isn't the gambling or the hard things he says which trouble me most; it is the reckless life he leads. It will kill him if he does not stop, for he is not strong, you know. All day and night he hurries from one thing to another, without resting, till he is forced to stop against his will. He takes too much wine, to keep up his spirits, he says, and so it does for a time, but after being brilliantly gay he suddenly becomes so desperately melancholy, I'm almost afraid to leave him alone. He never loses his self-control or behaves like the young men after supper at our London parties; he's not foolish, nor dull, nor disagreeable, but really splendid, while the excitement lasts, and every one admires and seeks him and insists on having him at their dinners, balls and fêtes. He hates those things, yet he goes, and, when I beg him not, he says he must, and rushes off with La Mene and Senerin, to be gone till morning. Your dear letters help me very much, but something must be done soon or it will be too late. I depend on you and Kent."

"Something shall be done," cried Margaret, decidedly; but as she rose to send for Kent, he entered, with an anxious face and a paper in his hand. Margaret's heart sank, for she saw it was a telegram, and seizing it, read eagerly these words, under St. George's address at Paris:

"May is sick. Come at once and bring Margaret."

"How soon can we go?" was all she said, with a glance at the clock.

"Not to-night, for no train leaves till six in the morning. We will take that and reach them to-morrow evening. Have you had a letter? May I see it?"

Forgetting May's caution, Margaret gave it to him, and a moment afterward was startled by a wrathful exclamation, which made her look up to see Kent's face pale with anger and wearing the remorseful expression which always appeared when May's unhappiness was spoken of.

"Hush! Don't speak to me now. I cannot bear it. Go and rest. I'll come for you early in the morning. Good night." And, throwing down the letter, he went away, leaving Margaret oppressed with a new and nameless anxiety.

In the gray dawn of a dull November morning they started, and, through all the discomforts of that hurried journey, Margaret was cheered and supported by the watchful kindness, the calm self-reliance of her companion. In bustling stations, crowded trains, uncomfortable steamers and rattling cabs, the quick eye, helpful hand and cheery smile, were always ready for her service, and that hasty trip showed them, as it has many another pair, unsuspected traits of character and strengthened friendship by the trifling trials of a very unromantic day. The passage was tempestuous, and several delays belated them, so that it was eleven instead of seven when they reached the Grand Hotel at Paris. Upon making inquiries of the superb *garçon*, who came bowing into the saloon, whether the St. Georges might have retired, they were surprised to learn that monsieur was out.

"And madame, could she see her?"

"Madame was also out."

"Impossible; she was ill."

The polite creature was desolated to contradict monsieur, but, *en vérité*, madame was at the Opera with her husband.

Margaret looked at Kent, bewildered, but he only shook his head, and ordered the man to conduct them to Mr. St. George's *appartement*, where they would wait. An elegant saloon was shown them, and while Kent ordered supper, Margaret passed into the adjoining room, hoping to find some note or message from her sister. May's maid was gadding in the lower regions, instead of arranging the chamber, which still showed all the disorder of a hasty evening toilet. Not only did sad confusion reign, but Margaret discovered various things that troubled her more than finding slippers on the table, lace handkerchiefs on the floor, or open wardrobes, drawers and jewel-boxes. Empty bottles and cigar-ashes lay among the costly toys and rare engravings which littered the room; French novels peeped from under the sofa-cushions; play-bills, ball-books, notes of invitation and unpaid accounts, covered the writing-table; and, glancing into one of the latter, hoping to find a line for herself, Margaret was startled at its amount. Wax candles still flared unquenched on the toilet; rich dresses encumbered the chairs; all manner of gentleman's apparel

was tossed about in the dressing-room; a dull fire smoldered on the hearth, and everything was untidily elegant, comfortlessly splendid. With a heavy heart Margaret went back, to find Kent frowning over the names he was reading on the cards which filled the little salver. As she entered she heard him mutter to himself:

"A bad set; it's worse than I thought."

"I find no signs of illness there; what can it mean?" she asked, anxiously.

His face cleared instantly, and assuming the grave yet cheerful air he had worn all day, he answered, as he rolled a chair to the table, where refreshment stood ready:

"It means that May has recovered, and, not expecting us so soon, they have gone out for the evening. Now come and eat; you need it, and must not forget yourself entirely. I've sent for the maid, and while we wait we can question her."

Margaret obeyed, for in Kent's manner there was a gentle authority which she could not resist. Presently a coquettish damsel appeared, full of apologies, compliments, and explanations, but from her they received little intelligence or comfort. Madame had been somewhat indisposed with a cold, nothing serious, and had gone out without leaving any message for monsieur or mademoiselle, whose arrival would be such a charming surprise.

They had not been expected, then? Had nothing been said of the telegram or their possible arrival?

"Nothing by madame; and if she had known, she would certainly have spoken of it when Hortense was arranging her ravishing toilet that evening."

Quite at a loss to understand the matter, Margaret dismissed the maid to set her mistress's room in order, and resigned herself to patient waiting, while Kent wandered about the room, and both paused in their fitful talk to listen whenever a carriage drove into the courtyard. The clock was on the stroke of twelve as St. George's voice was heard singing the drinking-song from "Lucretia," as he came along the passage. The door was impatiently flung open, and he came in with May leaning wearily on his arm. Both started and stopped short on the threshold when they saw those two familiar figures before them. In that brief pause Kent and Margaret had time to see how sadly the two young creatures had changed in those few weeks. May was pale and thin, and in her innocent eyes there was an anxious, frightened look, as if some dread, unseen but ever present, oppressed her. Her gay costume, in the height of the fashion, with all its costly and fanciful decorations, was a striking contrast to the former sweet simplicity which once made her doubly lovely and betrayed a perfect taste.

In St. George's handsome, haggard face the alteration was more marked. It was flushed with a hectic color, his eyes were feverishly bright, his hair disordered, as if by frequent pushing off his hot forehead; the voice which sung the bacchanalian song had lost its freshness, and, in spite of youth, beauty, and the grace which was too natural to be lost, he looked like a reckless, weary, miserable man. He was the first to speak, and with a mocking laugh he advanced, saying coolly:

"I thought that message would bring you, though not quite so soon. You are very welcome."

He offered his hand to Margaret, looking at her half-tenderly, half-defiantly; but she took no heed of him, for, with a cry of joyful surprise May had run into her arms, and clung there, sobbing hysterically, as she cried:

"Oh, Greta, now I am safe! Did my letter make you come?"

"Yes, my darling; but the telegram hurried us off at once."

"What telegram?" asked May, looking bewildered.

"That which Saint sent, telling us you were ill."

"But I'm not ill! Why did you do it? Is it true?" and May turned toward her husband, who, with a nod to Kent, had withdrawn to the hearth, where he stood lounging against the low chimney-piece, with the defiant expression plainer than before.

"I said you were sick, and you are—homesick. I did it because I'm tired of being tormented about the matter, and it is as true as anything is about me."

The explanation was made in such a singular tone that no one answered for a moment; then May turned to Kent, like a child to its father, and said, as he pressed the little hand she gave him:

"We can't get on without you, so you must take charge of us again, for we are nothing but a pair of children."

"I will certainly take charge of you, my child—"

Kent got no further, for St. George broke in with a haughty:

"Thank you; but you forget that I am a man now, and can take care of my wife as well as myself."

"Prove it, and I will resign my authority. This does not look like it," and he pointed to May, who leaned wearily against her sister with tears still shining on her cheeks.

"You sent us away to be merry and forget; we have done our best to do the impossible, so you must blame only yourself for the changes you see," was St. George's careless reply, though his eyes turned reproachfully on Margaret.

Anxious to end the scene for poor worn-out May, Kent begged Margaret to take her away to rest, leaving him to tell St. George the plan they had arranged.

Margaret gladly complied; and with a whispered entreaty not to be severe with Saint, and a timid "Good-night, dear," to her husband, May went into her room to pour out all her woes and cry like a broken-hearted child. As the door closed behind them, St. George lighted a cigar, seated himself astride of a chair, and leaning his arms

on the back, looked at Kent with an expression of mingled shame and defiance, saying, as he nodded coolly:

"Now, then, I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"Very little; but first, let me ask if you intend to continue this reckless course of life?" asked Kent, mildly.

"No; I'm tired of it, and it's a failure."

"What will you do then?"

"One of two things—blow my brains out, or get a divorce."

"Good God, boy! what do you mean?" ejaculated Kent, aghast at the desperate look and tone which accompanied the determined words.

"Exactly what I say. I am miserable, and so is May; it is useless to drag on in this wretched way, and I cannot bear it much longer. It must end somehow, I care little which way, so long as I am free. I've suffered enough for my folly; May will be happy if I'm out of the way, and Margaret—"

He stopped abruptly, and smoked in fierce silence, lest he should betray how much he felt. Deeply grieved and alarmed at the state in which he found him, Kent did his best to calm and cheer the unhappy young man, but all his efforts failed. St. George was by turns excited, reckless and morose; he rejected all plans, refused all counsel, renounced all hope of happiness, and begged to be left to go to ruin as he would.

For an hour they talked, and when Margaret appeared, saying that May slept at last, Kent whispered to her:

"I can do nothing with him; will you try?"

"Yes," was the unhesitating reply.

"Then I leave you while I go to order rooms, and will return presently."

With that Kent went away, and Margaret stood a moment looking at St. George. He still sat as he had placed himself when she left the room, but the cigar was out, the defiant face hidden on his arm, and not a word greeted the new comer. Something in his attitude, his silence, touched Margaret, and remembering May's fearful entreaty not to be severe, her heart softened, and pity replaced anger. Going to him, she softly laid her hand on his bent head, and said, in her gentlest tone:

"Dear Saint, what can I do for you?"

"You might have done everything—now it is too late," was the answer, in a half-stifled voice, for the speaker did not lift his head.

"It never is too late to do one's duty. It is mine to be a sister to you, and I shall try to do it faithfully. You once gave me leave to care for you: may I try again?"

"Why did you stop—tell me that?"

Here he looked up with all his love eloquently written in his face. The color rose to Margaret's forehead, but her eye met his, clear and steadfast, and her tone was full of dignity as well as pity.

"I stopped for May's sake; now I begin again for yours. You are my brother, your peace and happiness are dear to me as well as hers, and I long to help and comfort you."

"There is but one way, and that is impossible," began St. George, taking her hand with an ardent glance.

Still calm and kind, but colder in manner, and more resolute in tone, Margaret drew away her hand and answered, with her steady eyes looking full into those passionate ones of his:

"There are two ways—one wrong and impossible, the other right and easy. You will choose the last. Nay, I'll not hear you; I am the one to speak, you to listen and obey."

"I will listen; speak, Greta," he said, leaning his head on his arm with a weary sigh.

"In a few days I shall take May home to England for rest and quiet. You and Kent will go to Switzerland for a little trip, or to Italy if you prefer it. All of us are better apart just now; time and absence work great changes, and when we meet again we shall all be stronger, wiser, happier I hope. This is the best plan we can devise; Kent proposes it, I approve, May consents, and you will agree also, will you not?"

"No," was the brief, stern answer.

"What is to be done, then?"

"All go home and live together, as before, or else—"

"Why do you pause? What is the alternative?"

"Separation from May."

"Oh, Saint, you do not mean it! Not a year married, and yet part! It must not, cannot be. Have you no love for May, no respect for yourself, no pity for me?"

He rose, as she spoke with sudden pain and terror in her face, and stood looking at her gloomily. Suddenly he broke out impetuously:

"Margaret, I must be free, or I shall do something desperate. I do love May—not as my wife, but as a little sister. She wears me intensely with her childishness; she is no companion, no help, no inspiration to me, and I long to break loose from the tie that binds me to her. I know it was my own folly, my own rash haste that forged the fetter; nevertheless, I will not wear it all my life, and if she will not consent, I'll end the matter with a pistol."

Pale as death, but calm, almost stern, Margaret confronted him, asking, with a look of contempt, that stung his pride and checked his passionate despair:

"And when you are free, what then?"

His suddenly kindling face, his quick step toward her, answered better than the three eager words he uttered:

"You know, Greta!"

"I know that an act so selfish, base and cruel, will win for you the scorn and detestation of every true man and woman. Leave the poor, loving child, if you will; my home is always here; but never let me see you while you live, never let me hear your name, and never ask or expect anything from me but pity and contempt, for the cowardice that dare not face and bear the fate your own waywardness has brought upon you."

She would have turned and left him then, but he threw himself down before her, and clung to her with the entire abandon of a boy, exclaiming, imploringly:

"No, no, it shall never be so! I am weak and wicked, but you can save me. Don't cast me off, Margaret; think how young, how miserable, and undone I am. Save and help me; I'll be docile to you, only do not desert and scorn me, for in all the world you are the only creature whose respect and love I care for."

"You promise to obey me, Saint? to win my respect, keep my love, rouse my confidence and admiration by bravely doing your duty?" she asked, as she looked down at the beautiful despairing face upturned to hers.

"Yes, I promise anything! I will be as wax in your hands, and become a hero for your sake. You have said 'Keep my love,' and that makes me strong and happy, though I know it is not love like mine," he cried, kissing with ardent lips the hands he held.

"The first command I give is, that you never speak of love to me, nor show it. This insult to myself is also a wrong to May, and I forbid it. Stand up and bear yourself like a man, or I will go."

He rose at once and stood opposite, flushed and excited, but obedient to the one voice which could control him. Margaret felt a strong desire to relent and comfort the poor boy, weak and willful as he was, so beseeching were the eyes fixed on her own, so full of love and longing the face he showed her as he said humbly:

"What next, Greta?"

"Comply with Kent's desire, and go away with him for a time."

"If you bid me I will." There was a treacherous tremor in St. George's voice and he clinched his hands as if the words cost him a sharp pang.

A glad, approving smile shone on him as Margaret offered her hand with the gracious gesture which made the act in her doubly cordial.

"Thanks! now you are the man I thought you, now I feel that May's future is not wrecked and that I may still love and respect my brother. Go and rest; to-morrow we will arrange our plans. Dear Saint, good-night."

He answered not a word, but laid his face down on the beloved hand with an irrepressible sob, for with a poet's gift, he had also a poet's temperament, sensitive, impulsive and feminine. Deeply touched, Margaret smoothed the thick, disordered locks from his forehead with a caressing touch, and as he lifted his head as if disdaining to hide his grief, she said, with tears in her own soft eyes:

"Remember, even when this mood is past, that I have received your promise, and I am sure you will keep it faithfully!"

"I will forfeit my life if I break it," was the answer given in solemn earnest, as they parted.

VIII.—LOCKED IN AND FOUND OUT.

Kent and Margaret were much surprised at the change in "the children," as they called the young pair, for when they met the next morning, though both looked pale and worn-out, both were very quiet, very docile and grateful. May's first words were:

"It is all arranged, Greta. Saint told me about it, and we both agree. I shall miss him dreadfully; but he needs a change, and I need rest, so we will go away in opposite directions with our kind guardians, like truant boys of having their own way. Won't we, dear?"

"Yes, it shall be as Kent says," returned St. George, with all his former deference of manner, and a glance that mutely asked pardon for past disrespect.

Arrangements were soon made for the temporary separation, and after several hours of amicable discussion, St. George and May drove out to pay parting calls. Kent went to the banker's, and Margaret, taking a book, strolled away into the garden of the Tuileries. By noon the sun shone warmly, the gay place was full of pretty children, coquetish maids, and loungers of all kinds. Choosing a quiet, sunny nook, Margaret read the book which never failed to charm and absorb her with an ever new delight, and was sitting quite unconscious of time or place, when a shadow falling on the page made her look up, to see Kent standing before her.

"What author has the happy power of engrossing you so entirely, and calling up such a smile?" he asked, as he lifted his hat with his own peculiarly charming smile.

Silently returning his salutation, she turned the book so that he could see its title, and looked up at him with the moved expression still in her face. He glanced at it, said, "Fortunate St. George," and abruptly changed the subject by asking, as he pointed to the towers of Notre Dame, visible through the leafless trees:

"Have you ever seen the wonders of that place?"

"No; I have often longed to do so; for when we were here last year, Mr. Chandos said the towers were not worth seeing, so I let them go."

"It is too cool for you to sit here long; shall we go and hunt up Quasimodo's haunts among the roofs of Notre Dame?" he asked, persuasively.

"With pleasure," and rising, Margaret walked away beside him, looking as if his presence brought her rest and peace.

At the church they fortunately found a party just going up, and joining it, followed the guide up the winding stairs, through mysterious little doors, along dizzy galleries, and out upon airy balconies, from whence they looked down upon the great city and its environs. Coming to the highest tower of all, they lingered to examine the quaintly carved saints that adorn the pinnacles, and to watch the flocks of doves sunning themselves in the niches and along the roof. The party went on, but these two forgot to follow at the time, and when at length they prepared to descend, the door was locked. In vain Kent knocked and called; no one was within hearing, and mocking echoes alone answered.

"What shall we do?" asked Margaret, looking anxious.

"We must wait till we are missed by the guide, or till another party comes up. It is just the time for sight-seers, and we shall soon be released. Meanwhile, let us enjoy ourselves over this wonderful view."

His quiet way of taking it reassured Margaret, and for half an hour an interesting and animating chat was easily sustained. An unfortunate look destroyed the calm of the *l'été-à-l'été*. Margaret was standing in an angle of the tower, looking far away with the bright, rapt look which one often wears when gazing on some limitless scene. Her bonnet was off, and her hair, a little loosened by the wind, was blown back from her face, showing all its delicate, decided outlines, and enhancing its soft tints; Kent, standing near, looked not at the landscape, but at her, with an expression betraying something warmer and deeper than mere admiration. A sudden consciousness of his fixed regard made Margaret turn quickly to see and wonder at the look. She averted her eyes at once, and Kent colored with the deep flush she had seen before. Neither spoke for an instant; then Margaret, with a woman's tact, opened the book still in her hand, and said, simply:

"Please read the beautiful passage which describes a scene something like this. I never fully appreciated its power before."

She gave the book, and when he fumbled over the leaves, turned at once to the page, with a peculiar glance, half-mischievous, half-timid. He obeyed her, and she listened still with that odd look, but when he paused, she said, laughing:

"You don't read as well as Saint, and poets seldom read their own poems well, which makes his skill more remarkable."

"One would think they would read their own things better than another. Which is your favorite bit here?" answered Kent, slowly turning the pages, without looking up.

"I like them all; the book has but one fault in my eyes."

"Ah, and what is that, pray?"

She looked at him an instant with a curious mixture of daring and hesitation in her face, then gently retook the book, drew out a pencil, wrote two words on the title-page, and handed it back, saying, significantly:

"Now it is as true as it is beautiful, and perfect in all respects."

He looked, started, turned pale and stood dumb, though all he saw was his own name written over St. George's, which was crossed out with a decided stroke. Margaret watched him with increasing certainty as she saw his discomposure. Not a word did he speak, and, laying her finger on the words, she made him look at her and answer her question instantly:

"There must be truth between us two, for May's sake, if no more. Tell me, am I not right?"

"Yes."

She clasped her hands with a delighted gesture, and laughed out like a girl, as she said, gaily:

"I knew it! Oh, Kent, how could you deceive us all? How could you let another claim your honors, wear your laurels, and usurp your place in people's hearts? Confess it all now. I've guessed so much you cannot hide the rest, and I will promise to keep the secret, if you say so."

Believed and yet distressed, Kent flung the book away, and walked hastily round the tower before he answered. Coming back, he resumed his place, saying, frankly, though he still wore the look of a detected school-boy:

"I will confess, for you must not blame Saint. But first tell me why you suspected this, and how, in heaven's name, you discovered it?"

"I can hardly say how the suspicion came; something in your face suggested it vaguely the first time I saw you, and I thought to myself: 'He looks more like the writer of that strong book than the boy.' It was only a passing fancy, but it returned again and again after I knew you both, for Saint, though poetical, is not a poet. He has talent, but no genius. The night he read me his—no, your last book, I felt sure it was not his, or, if he wrote it, that you had retouched and refined it as you only could. In it, as in Saint's conversation, I detected your modes of expression, your style of thought, your depth and power of feeling, and sundry little traits convinced me that you were the author. A week ago Janfan came frisking in with a bit of paper in her mouth. She often steals and destroys notes, so I took it away to see if it was of any value. It proved to be a bit from one of Saint's letters to you, and was something like this:

"On looking over the MS., I am disgusted with the passages which you made me put in that I might have some claim to it. I've taken them out, and you must restore the original that it may be perfect, at least as perfect as it can be while our compact lasts."

"Hang the dog; why couldn't she choose some safer scrap from my waste paper-basket, or take it to any one but you?" exclaimed Kent, angrily, yet laughing in spite of himself at the odd fashion of the betrayal.

"Bless the dog! it was a splendid hit of instinct, and I have petted the little heart half to death by way of proving my gratitude. Don't frown, Kent; it was to be; you may hide your true self from all the world, but not from me."

"Yes, I begin to think so, and you must pay the penalty of your subtleties by learning what a hypocrite and coward I am. I'll tell the tale as briefly as I can. Five or six years ago I came home from weary wanderings over the face of the earth; I wanted a home, but had none; I longed for a friend, yet not one who called himself so could be to me as near and dear as the companion I desired. I could not marry, having vowed never to be repulsed again, and only a woman whom I respect can I love, so no tie was possible to me but the wedlock I had renounced. Just then I found Saint, and my heart was drawn to him at once, for when a boy I hoped and suffered as he did, but fortune came to me, and I was spared his last desperation. I saw his talent; enjoyed his beauty; pitied his friendlessness, and loved him like a son, for he was grateful and affectionate. I said, 'Why not live again in this boy? my wealth, experience and power give me no happiness; for I ask more, and fate denies it to me. Lend my good gifts to the boy, and let his life be what I would have had my own: He has youth, beauty, ambition and some power; help him up, and in return for all I give he will love me as I would be loved.'"

"And you did it?" said Margaret, with beaming eyes and glow of admiration on her face.

"Yes; I tried not to be selfish, but when the boy was so docile, fond and dear to me, I felt as if I did not give enough. At first I had no thought of the literary deceit; it came about in the simplest way. Saint wrote poems, and had tried to publish them; they were sweet, but weak, and failed. As a boy I wrote also, and once in rumaging an old chest of papers I came upon my verses and tossed them to Saint to laugh over. Since my last love I had given up all ambitious hopes, and wrote no more. But in those boyish ditties Saint found much to envy and admire, and begged me to publish them. I refused, of course; 'Then I shall,' said he, in his wilful way."

"Put your own name to them if you do," was my answer, thinking the whole thing a joke. 'May I?' he asked. 'You don't care for fame, and you throw these away as worthless; but I long for it; I see more power in these than any I

can ever write; why not let me arrange and try them in my name, taking the consequences, whatever they may be.' I assented, fancying he would soon tire of the freak; but he did not; the book came out, and to my utter amazement Saint was famous. The deceit troubled me then; not that I cared for the fame; to that he was heartily welcome; but I felt guilty of double-dealing, yet could not confess without harming the boy."

"You were right," began Margaret, eagerly. "Is this a deceit which you can forgive?" asked Kent, with a touch of malice in his tone.

She remembered her own words and blushed, but said, honestly:

"Yes, I can; though I think it will yet bring you into trouble, and you will have to atone for it, generous as it is."

"I have already," he said, very low, adding, in his former tone, "Saint was so delighted with his success, and enjoyed it so intensely, I made up my mind to say nothing. It was my own affair, and I alone had a right to complain. He more than repaid any loss of reputation as a poet by making me happy as a man. He hungered and thirsted after praise; I cared nothing for it, and having promised to make his fortune, I would keep my word. For a year he revelled in the position he had longed for, yet never hoped to win so soon, and I endeavored to cultivate and strengthen his powers for a genuine work. But success spoiled him; the talent which poverty might have forced into real genius is weakened by wealth, and I find he is content with this cheap victory. It is my fault; I made him what he is, and I must endeavor to repair my mistake."

For several minutes both stood busied with many thoughts, sweet as well as bitter; Margaret broke the silence:

"And the new book which you wrote while we played, and which Saint copied that it might seem his, will that appear in his name also?"

"I cannot tell; I did my best to have at least a part of it his own, but he rejects that and will have all mine. When the first one came out, we made a mutual promise that neither would betray the other, and if I own this book I shall betray Saint, for the style is the same. I have begged him to put it by and write one himself, but he reminded me that by allowing the first fraud I had committed myself and could not recede without breaking my word. He is so miserable just now, and the fault is mine, so I leave him to do as he will, for if it give him any comfort, or May any pleasure, I am content to bear the blame."

"But do you really care nothing for fame? Does it give you no pleasure to hear your work commended, and to see respect and admiration in the faces of those whose opinion you value?"

"I care very little for the world's praise; it does please me to know that my work is liked, and sometimes I do desire to take a small share of the respect of some whose commendation is very dear to me."

As he spoke regretfully and turned to her with that look again visible in his face, Margaret felt her heart beat fast, and said within herself, "Can it be that Kent loves me?" Abruptly as before he walked round the tower, tried the door, and came back again to be led into another unexpected confession.

"At what hour do we start to-morrow?" asked Margaret, feeling that the last was not a safe subject to dwell upon.

"At noon, so that you may reach home the day after. The Winthrops go there, and they will devote themselves to you."

"Is everything ready? I have fallen into an indolent habit of leaving my affairs to you. Is there nothing for me to do before we part?"

"Yes, one thing, and this is perhaps as good a time as any for me to speak of it," Kent looked ill at ease, but being a man to face disagreeables manfully, he dashed into the subject at once: "Just before we left home Albany gave me a commission which the sudden journey prevented my executing. It was not to my taste, but I felt for him, and thinking I might spare him pain or annoyance, I undertook it. He desired me to ask you if there was any hope for him."

"None," was the prompt reply.

"I feared so," and Kent sighed.

"Why say four?" she asked, sharply.

"Because I saw his love and know how hard it is to find it hopeless."

Angry with herself because her eyes filled and her voice shook, Margaret said, hastily:

"He does me much honor, I thank him, but it is impossible to make any return; I have no heart to give him. Please tell him so."

"No heart to give him—is it lost?" and Kent looked at her with a searching glance, as if eager to learn whether the words were merely a form of speech or a truth. Margaret's cheeks burned and her eyes fell, but she answered truly at any cost:

"Yes," then added rather haughtily, "Tell Mr. Albany also, the next time he woos a woman, not to do it by proxy!"

"He was timid, poor fellow, humble in his own conceit, and fearful of seeming presumptuous," said Kent, still eying her with that keen glance.

"A man should not be timid nor humble at such a time; if his love is true and deep, it is an honor to bestow it, and a woman respects courage at all times. If he love, say so manfully, and bear the answer bravely."

"I will. Margaret, I love you—will you be my wife?"

As Kent spoke out with sudden fire and force, and offered her his hand, Margaret was so surprised at his promptitude in taking her at her word, that she stood speechless and half-bewildered, though her heart leaped within her at the words he uttered. Straight and strong he stood before her, steadily he looked into her eyes, and softly, slowly, he repeated:

"Margaret, I love you—will you be my wife?"

"With all my heart!" and as the answer broke from her lips, Margaret put one hand into his, and with the other hid her face, for tears broke forth against her will. Very few fell, for Kent drew her to him, and turning the shy face to his, asked eagerly with such intense joy, gratitude and love in his own, that she could not hesitate to answer:

"Greta, is it true? I never dared to hope, never thought of speaking till you made me forget everything but the desire of my life. Do you really mean it? Is it possible that you can love me, old, ugly, odd and faulty as I am?"

She turned on him a face full of a happiness, a humility he could not doubt, and answered with the perfect frankness which was her chief charm to him:

"I do love you truly, tenderly, Kent. To me you are not ugly, old, faulty nor odd, but all that I respect, admire and value in a man. I loved you long before I knew it, and only lately have I guessed why I was happiest with you. I did not dream that you could care for me, though I have learned to see that you did not love May, as I once thought. Believe me, it is not the discovery I made which won me; it was your patience, generosity and excellence; of these and many other virtues I am far prouder than a dozen books like

that. Oh, Kent, what have I done that I should be so blessed?"

No need to tell how he answered that question, how patiently the lovers waited till the guide returned to free them, nor how blissfully they went away together, carrying with them an enduring memory of the towers of Notre Dame.

"Owen," and Margaret made the ugly name sweet by the tender tone in which she uttered it.

"Greta," and Kent pressed the hand that lay confidently upon his arm as they went slowly homeward through the gardens, brighter to them at sunset than at noon.

"We must not tell this to St. George for a long while yet—he cannot bear it."

Kent stopped short, with a sudden shadow on his happy face, as he exclaimed, regretfully:

"I forgot that dreadful parting. When I proposed it, I thought it would be best for me as for him, as both had something to forget. Now the exile will be doubly hard. Love makes one very selfish, and I want to stay."

"Not more than I want you to; but I know you will not let our happiness add to the misery of these poor children. Go, for a time, and cheer your absence with the memory that I shall love you better for it, and give you a heartier welcome when you come."

It was well for the lovers that the St. Georges had not returned when they reached the hotel, and after a delicious little *l'été-à-l'été*, they separated to dress for dinner.

Margaret was first down, and found the *salon* still empty, at which she rejoiced, for on the table lay the book with Kent's name still on the title-page. Hastily erasing it, she congratulated herself upon her escape, for had St. George caught a glimpse of it, he would have known that the secret was out. Happily she could not see him pacing to and fro in his dressing-room, saying to himself in a tone of desperate despair—for he had opened the book by chance:

"She knows, she knows, and I cannot bear her contempt."

It was a quiet meal, and they parted early, for the next day was to be a busy one. Kent and Margaret had done their best to hide their new-born happiness. May suspected nothing, but as they separated, St. George held a hand of each, saying earnestly, and with a wistful, loving look:

"Good-night, God bless you both!"

"He sees it, and bears it nobly," whispered Kent, as he led Margaret to her room. He tried to speak hopefully, but both waited for the morning with anxiety.

May was alone when they met at breakfast, and in answer to their inquiries regarding her husband, she said:

"He sat up writing till after I was asleep, and was up before I woke. He often goes for an early walk; I'm such a lazy creature, I tell him not to wait for me, so he breakfasts when he likes, and sometimes I don't see him till noon."

Margaret looked at Kent, who smiled at her unexpressed fear, but went out immediately after breakfast. From the porter he learned that Monsieur St. George left late in the night, and had not yet returned. Still refusing to acknowledge the foreboding which haunted him, Kent hurried from place to place, searching for his ward; but nowhere did he find him nor glean any tidings of him. Back to the hotel he went; monsieur had not returned, and fearing to alarm the sisters, Kent set out upon another and more careful search. Still vain; and sending word that they were unavoidably detained and would not leave till evening, he drove to and fro like a restless ghost all that dreadful day. Pausing at last to take counsel with himself, a terrible thought rose suddenly before him, and following the impulse, he dismissed the carriage, crossed the bridge, dived into a narrow street behind Notre Dame, and entered a low, small building on the river-side. A moment after he came staggering out ghastly pale, and with the air of a man overwhelmed by a sudden shock. Well might he look so; for the little building by the river-side, with a crowd flowing in and out at its open doors, was the *Morgue*, and on one of the stone tables behind the grating he had seen St. George. Cold and pale as a beautiful statue he lay under the scanty covering allowed the dead in that sad place. A stream of water flowed continually over the rounded limbs, pale face, and drenched hair, and above him hung the plain suit he had worn. Before the grating stood a curious throng, admiring, criticising, pitying "the young man, so charming, so romantic, so pathetic," and at the door, surrounded by sympathizing men and women, leaned Kent, bowed down with speechless, tearless sorrow, which left its traces on him all his life.

In the dusk he took the poor boy home, and broke the heavy truth to the sisters. The young widow gave way at once, and Margaret spent that night of grief in watching over her, while Kent searched for some last wish or word left by St. George.

In his desk appeared a letter for Kent, a parcel for Margaret, his ring, a lock of his hair, and a little note for May.

"I know all," said Kent's letter. "You love each other, and Greta has discovered the truth. I am so tired of my life, it only needed this to make me gladly end it. Take no blame to yourself; it is my fault that your generous scheme fails. I have neither genius, patience, nor courage to work, wait, or fight; I throw up the game, and leave you to enjoy the fame rightfully yours, the love you deserve, the happiness in store for you, when I relieve you of the presence which should have been a comfort but is a burden." Then followed thanks, last wishes, and the hope that he would befriend May for her sister's sake.

Margaret's packet contained the manuscript of Kent's poem, and on the title-page, where his own name had been, now appeared, fairly written, "Owen Kent, author of 'Early Lays.'" This was his legacy to Margaret, and such it remained, for the world never saw that book or knew the tragedy in which it bore a part.

Long after, when the young poet was forgotten by all but the faithful three, when Kent was a happy man with children on his knee and a noble wife beside him, when May had put off her widow's weeds and found comfort in Albany's affection, another and an entirely different book appeared, to take the public by storm, give the author a late-won but enduring fame, and stamp his long silence as "THE FREAK OF A GENIUS."

AGAINST the superstition of Friday being an unlucky day, especially to sailors, a correspondent has a protest. "See," he remarks, "how many lucky Fridays we find in the history of the most momentous of all maritime enterprises in the discovery and exploration of America: August 3, 1492, Columbus sets sail on his voyage of discovery; October 12, 1492, first discovery of land by Columbus; January 4, 1493, sets sail on his return; March 15, 1493, arrival at Palos; November 22, 1493, arrival at Hispaniola on his second voyage; June 13, 1494, discovery of the American continent. All these days were Fridays."



THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLEE BROS., POUGHKEEPSIE.

THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, AT POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

NEARLY an entire page of illustration, in our present number, is devoted to the above-named meritorious institution, to its public-spirited founder, and some of the buildings, beyond the college proper, which give it character and completeness. Not less interesting than the views of the collegiate buildings—perhaps first in interest, of all—is the portrait of Mr. Matthew Vassar, a gentleman long known throughout America for his celebrity in the manufacture of ales, taking rank with the very best of foreign production, and who bids fair, through this extensive and most liberal benevolence, to become equally well-known, over America as well as by foreign nations, as a discriminating benefactor of his kind.

The Vassar Female College stands upon the delightful high grounds of Dutchess County, some two miles from Poughkeepsie, and in nearly a north-eastern direction from the city; the location being such that from the upper portion of the building the Hudson and the magnificent distant Catskills and hills of Ulster form splendid middle distance and background to the picture presented. In extent the buildings command attention, not only from their size but from peculiarities of construction which make them specially interesting to the traveler. The main edifice has the immense length of five hundred feet, with a depth of one hundred and seventy, and is modeled upon the plan of the Palace of the Tuileries, Paris, with the chateau roof and Mansard windows which so peculiarly mark the French style. Somewhat higher, this edifice would be very imposing; as it is, the effect is low, but the extent conveys a very proper idea of the immense accommodation afforded, and only severe architectural students are likely to fault the few details at variance with the splendidly odd original. Space would not permit us to point out the various features of "modern improvement" introduced into this building, and making it one of the most complete in the world of its kind: enough to indicate that it is thoroughly ventilated and warmed throughout, on the most approved systems, so that fire is needed but in few places in the building; that it is supplied with water from one of the pure highland lakes; that the erection is as nearly fire-proof as possible; and that, in the interior arrangements, while all the details of instruction have, of course, been first looked to, particular attention seems to have been paid to those scarcely less necessary details connected with the comfort and elegance of residence.

The first of the two other buildings given in our views is the riding-school, one hundred by sixty, with stable-room for twenty-four horses, and facilities for the thorough practice of equitation, and with a gymnasium also attached, where that necessary branch of modern education, the

purely physical, is also to receive due attention. The building remaining is the observatory, a most commodious erection, with the incalculable advan-

say of the faculty, that in the opening, which took place during the late summer, the Presidency of the College was assumed by Dr. Raymond, a

in the college, in the person of Miss Avery, thus removing one of the otherwise inevitable awkwardnesses of such an institution; and that under the extensive remaining faculty every department of instruction, from chemistry to art, and from philosophy to music, seems to be placed with excellent judgment at the disposal of the participants in this new privilege.

For, let it be understood, in speaking of Mr. Vassar as a "benefactor," we have by no means intended to indicate that he has founded a "charity." His enterprise has done better—furnished what the girls of America before lacked—a college, where they can receive such instruction as was heretofore only vouchsafed to their brothers and expectant husbands, with Harvard, Yale and Columbia open before them. There is to be a fund for meritorious pupils, and no doubt, free scholarships may be introduced by-and-by; but as a general rule ordinary payment is expected, and the pupils will be at once relieved from the shiftlessness and the degraded feeling of "charity students."

Mr. Vassar, whose personal life has been a merited success, has certainly done a great work for female education in the founding of this college; and neither the merit nor the interest is detracted from knowing that the idea may have been derived from his English brother-in-law, Mr. John Guy, of Guy's Hospital—and that the words of a favorite niece, since deceased, made a deep and lasting impression upon the man looking about for a channel of doing good to his kind: "Uncle Matthew, do make some provision for a girls' school!" If intelligence and education form the "light of the world," and if the future mothers of the land are to shape its destiny, as so often alleged—Matthew Vassar will be found to have done no small work for future ages, and the Vassar Female College may well and long rear its head as his best monument.



MATTHEW VASSAR, ESQ.

tage of having so thorough an astronomer as Miss Maria Mitchell in charge of that department of instruction. We have only additional space

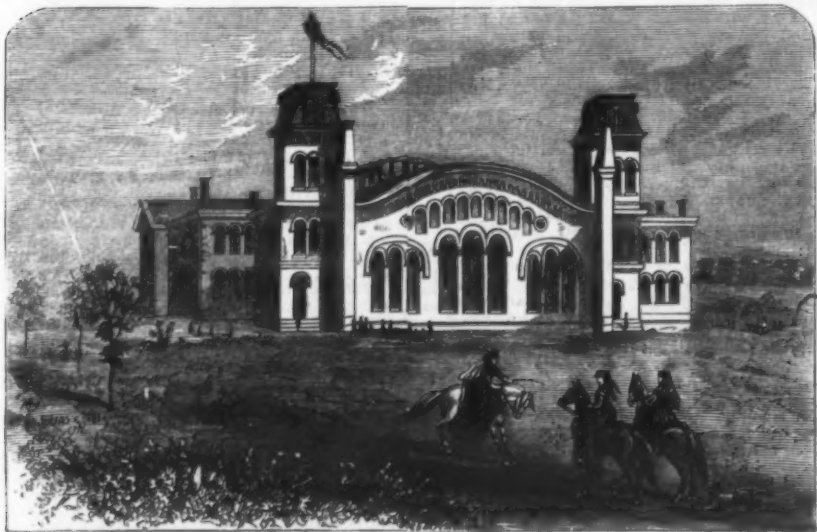
gentleman of experience and enthusiasm as a teacher; that Miss Lyman is the Lady Principal; that a regularly educated female physician resides

CYCLOPEAN WALLS

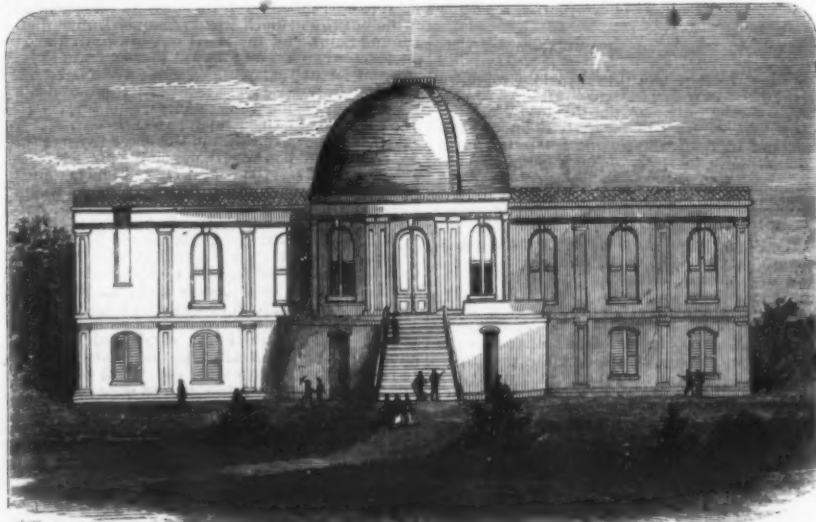
Of the Palace of the Inca Rocca, Cuzco, Peru.

THE section of the cyclopean wall which supports the terrace on which stands the remains of the palace of the Inca Rocca, in Cuzco, Peru, is from a photograph by Honorable E. G. Squier, late Commissioner of the United States in Peru, and forms one of the illustrations of his forthcoming work on that country. We subjoin Mr. Squier's description:

"Among the secondary objects of interest in the old Inca capital of Cuzco, are the remains of the palace of the Inca Rocca, celebrated for his exertions in educating the Peruvian youth of noble caste. He founded the *Yachahuasi* or Houses of Teaching, on the banks of the rivulet of Tullamayo, now called the Rodadero, where



THE RIDING SCHOOL ATTACHED TO THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.



THE OBSERVATORY OF VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

their extensive remains still attest his munificence. He further embellished the quarter of his capital in which the schools or colleges were built with what the chroniclers call, and what its ruins prove it to have been, 'a sumptuous palace,' which was his favorite residence. It was separated from the Houses of Teaching by a narrow street, now called Calle del Triunfo—for it was in this street that the Incas suffered their final repulse at the hands of the Spaniards.

"The ground slopes from the centre of the city to the rivulet of the Rodadero, and so in order to obtain a level area for his palace and its courts, the Inca built up a terrace, supported by massive stones, 220 feet long by 160 broad, and on its lowest side about thirty feet high. These stones, most of which remain in place, and are as firm as when first put together, are of green syenite, and excessively hard. They are all slightly beveled or rounded on their face, and appear to have been worked into shape by a pick, and somewhat resemble what we call 'rustic work.' The joints, however, are cut with the greatest precision. The blocks are of almost all shapes and sizes, presenting numerous curves and angles, but all fitting closely into each other, after the style known as cyclopean.

"The stones composing the walls of the palace proper, however (portions of which are still standing), are of brown trachyte, regular rectangles in shape, and accurately and beautifully cut and laid. This trachyte was brought from the quarries near Audahuyillas, ten leagues distant. Where the blocks of syenite composing the terrace walls were obtained, I failed to discover

human voices. The captain (a humane man), fearing that, from want of rest, he had become temporarily deranged, argued with him as to the improbability of such being the case. If a vessel were at hand she could easily be seen, and no boat could possibly live in such a sea.

But again the man started and shouted:

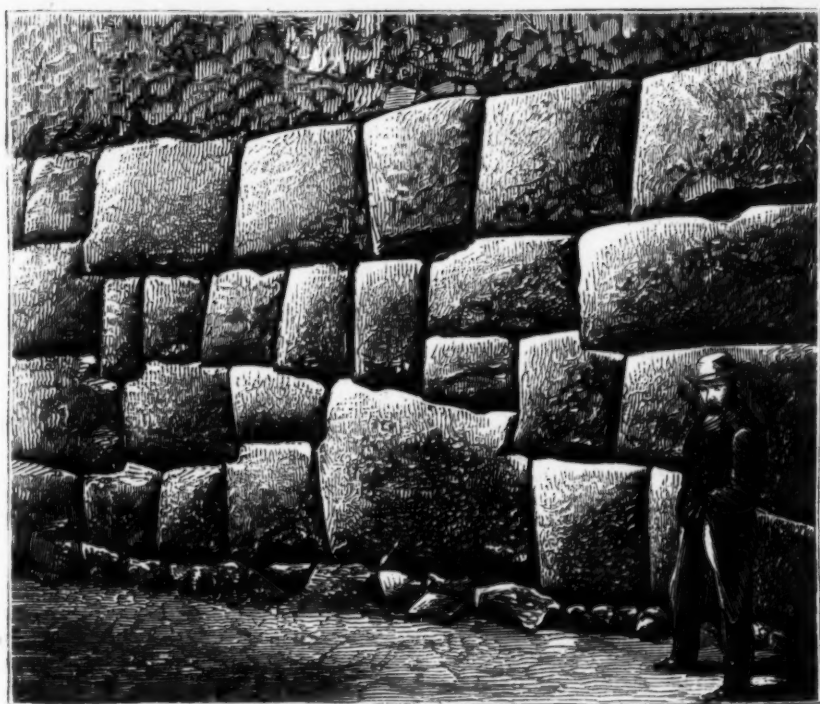
"Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?"

Confirmed in his opinion as regarded the man's temporary insanity, he ordered him to call all hands and put the "ship about." Then the stern old Scotchman, falling on his knees, invoked him, by all that he held dear, to wait and not put his ship about, for if he did he would leave behind him the poor souls who were crying to him for assistance. Startled by the man's earnestness, and having sea-room enough not to care very much whether or not the vessel changed her course immediately, he resolved to humor the old fellow, and promised that he would not go about until eight o'clock. It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, and the night fast closing in.

Coming on deck again at half-past seven, the captain found the night looking very wild, the wind with that peculiar wail which portends its increase, and the lightning flashing with lurid glare through the murky atmosphere, lighting up at intervals the impenetrable darkness.

As he hurriedly paced the deck, a low, dismal, weird-like shout came up from out the gloom—a human cry, full of agony! All that he had ever heard of the supernatural was in an instant present to him, as his blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

Five hundred miles from any land, the gale



CYCLOPEAN WALLS OF THE PALACE OF INCA BOCCA, CUZCO, PÉRU.

The stone is not found in the neighborhood of Cuzco.

"The portion of the terrace wall shown in the engraving faces on the Calle del Triunfo, and includes the stone known as 'the stone of twelve angles,' which appears nearly in the centre of the engraving. The narrowness of the street prevented me from obtaining any but a light nearly coinciding with the vertical plane of the stones, so that their joints are thrown into deep shadow, and their accurate fitting consequently not well discernible. 'The stone of twelve angles' is, nevertheless, truly described by its name. It has that number of angles, into which the surrounding stones are perfectly fitted. It is five feet four inches in greatest width, and about four feet in greatest height, and is looked upon as one of the curiosities of Cuzco.

"I may observe that the cyclopean style of walls was adopted only in the facing of terraces and in the walls of fortresses. The palaces and temples were almost always of rectangular cut stones."

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

The following incident—no romance, but a most thrilling reality—was related by the captain of a New England ship, not many years ago, to a passenger who made the passage around Cape Horn with him, and not many miles from the point where the providential rescue had been accomplished. It illustrates (as shown in the illustration with which we accompany it) not only the terrible perils of sea and storm combined, but also the possibility of endurance beyond expectation when rescue has grown to be apparently a thing beyond hope.

A few years previously, when bound home from the Pacific, off Cape Horn, the captain's ship was caught in a violent gale, which lasted near a fortnight with uninterrupted violence. With ship dismasted, torn sails, and crew worn out by watching, the gale broke, but with a terrific sea running, and a dim, murky atmosphere, which circumscribed the vision. He was moodily pacing the deck, debating within himself whether or not the ship would not better lie on the other tack, when his attention was drawn to his carpenter (an old gray-headed Scot), who, although it was his watch below, was standing looking intently at the horizon. Calling him to him and asking him what he saw, he replied that he had seen nothing, but that he had heard the sound of

roaring and the seas breaking around him, whence could come a human voice?

Yes, there it was again—more wild, more agonizing! A flash lit up the blackness of the night, and for an instant revealed a boat full of men, close alongside, and then—all was dark again; but faint voices were distinctly heard begging for



A JAPANESE BARBER.

a rope. In less time than it takes to relate it, a rope was hove, the boat dropped astern, and with great difficulty and danger eight living beings (one of whom was a woman) were got on board and the boat cut adrift.

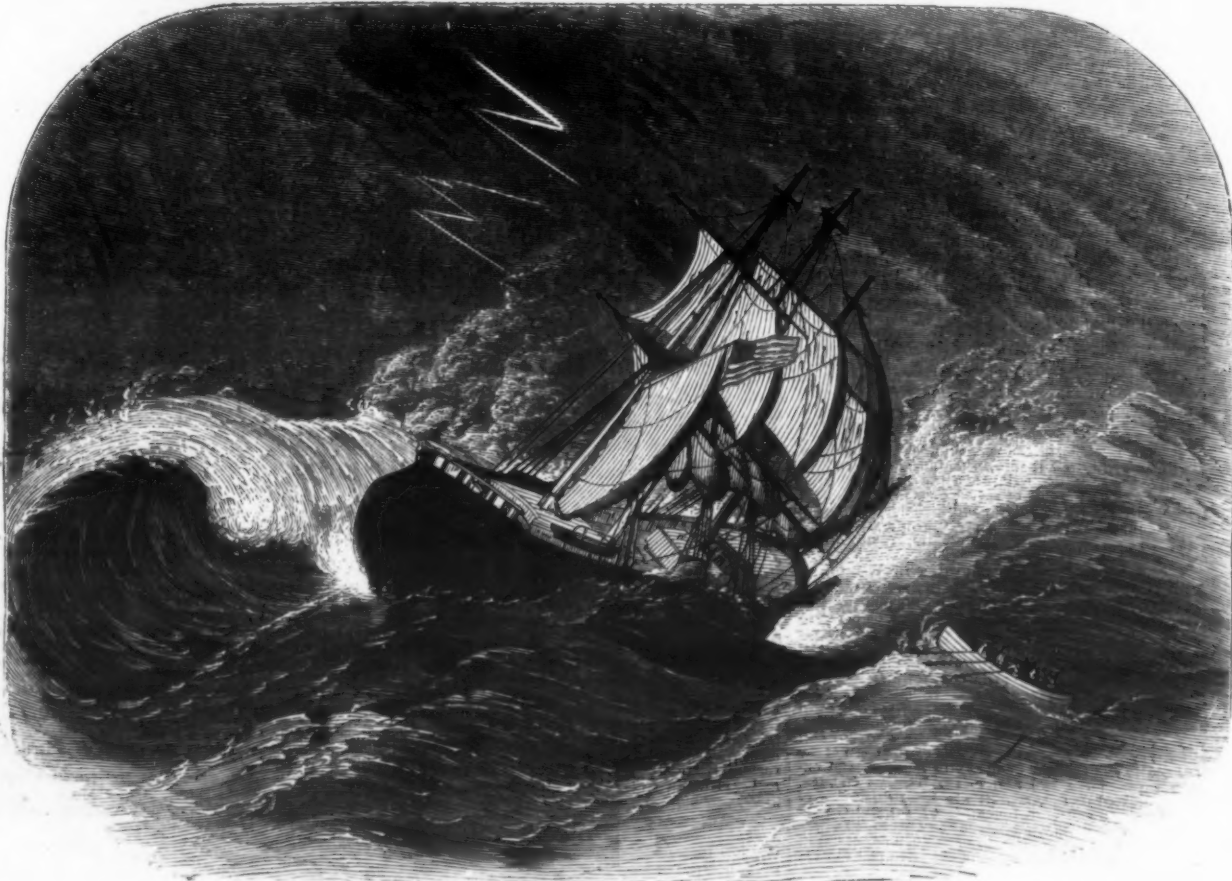
Every means were taken to restore the sufferers, who were in a state nearer dead than alive, three of whom, however, died shortly after they got on board. Their captain (as he proved to be) was the first who was able to give an account of himself: His vessel had gone down fifteen days before, and he had barely time to launch his boat and get into her his wife and crew; a bag of bread was thrown in, which was all they had to eat, and the wife in her fright had caught up an umbrella and thrown it into the boat, which proved a great instrument of their salvation, for, not having any water, they must rely upon the rain which they caught in the inverted umbrella.

For fifteen long days and nights had they been tossing about in that stormy ocean, suffering torments indescribable, and on the tenth day the captain's wife gave birth to a child.

During the narrative she had been lying in a state of semi-sensibility, but no sooner did she hear the word "child," than she sprang up in frenzy, wanting to know what they had done with her baby? The father then, for the first time, realized that the babe had not been saved, and rushed out on deck, followed by his wife, to jump into the boat; but the boat had been cut adrift an hour before, and was now miles astern upon the dark and stormy ocean. A marvelous rescue had been accomplished, but not a rescue for all!

THE JAPANESE BARBER.

Though not "barbarous," in the acceptance of the term (except when they win a victory or do execution upon criminals), the Japanese are very "barber-ous" in another sense, as the tonsure is as carefully looked after in the land of the Tycoon as is the beard among the Shakers. We supply this week another illustration of Japanese manners and customs, in monsieur the barber, at work on one of his patients—"patients," in a double sense. He is gathering up the topknot,

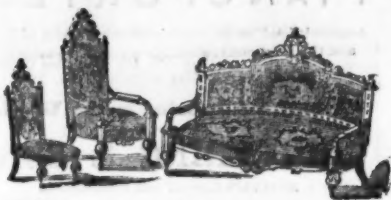


A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE AT SEA.

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with a firm belief that the patriotism and generosity of the American people will nobly respond to the wants of
the little ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall
stand, in the cause of humanity, as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Rebels are ungrateful," and
which shall, in affording an asylum to our country's children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

New York, October 1, 1886.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the De-
stitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND
GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to
receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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New York, October 1, 1886.

The undersigned, desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for
the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the city of New
York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a
Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
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WASHINGTON, October 6, 1886.

Whereas, Messrs. Thomas & Co., as Managing Directors of a Charitable Enterprise, have made due applica-
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permission to hold a "FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL," and presented to him satisfactory
evidence that the proceeds of such enterprise will be devoted to charitable uses, permission is hereby granted to
the said Messrs. Thomas & Co. to hold such FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL exempt from all charge,
whether from special tax or other duty in respect of such FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

THOMAS HARRAND, Acting Commissioner.

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"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:
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the occasion of your Festival."
THEODORE THOMAS."

The FAIR will OPEN on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of
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TO BE HELD AT

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\$100,000 IN PRESENTS,

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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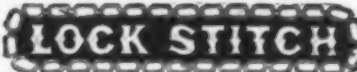
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